MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE &c.

VOL. XXVIII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1860. NO. 50.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

HAY PANIC.

There seems to be a sort of Hay Panic at this time in some parts of our State, judging from the high prices which those who have the article to sell obtain for it, and judging also from the fears expressed by some who are more apt to look upon the dark than the bright side.

That our hay crop was not so large by about one-fourth or one-third as that of last year is very evident, but that there will be any very hard pinch on account of it seems exceedingly doubtful. We always recommend economy in fodder, whether there be a great or a small supply of forage. By economy of fodder, we do not mean a penurious mode of feeding, but one that is judicious and not wasteful. Cattle and other stock should have enough to eat; but it is quite a science to feed stock just right—to so mingle the good and the poor qualities together as to satisfy the appetite and keep the animal fed, strong and thrifty. Some people will do this with half the forage that others will.

We not long since had an article upon this subject, and refer to it now, merely to excite the attention of farmers to it. As the autumn has thus far been mild, the foddering season has been postponed a corresponding length of time, and thereby much hay saved. Last year at the date of this writing, we had snow upon the ground, and were, therefore, obliged to put our cattle up and feed them.

We recommended, not long ago, for every man who had stock to feed and wished to make his rough fodder go as far as possible, to procure a good hay cutter, and if he had a horse-power to propel it, so much the better. By such an apparatus, he would be enabled to prepare fodder in a shape which would not otherwise be eaten.

We know of a livery stable keeper in a neighboring county who has a large number of heavy horses. He cuts all his hay and wets it with meal in a trough. Indian meal is used pretty liberally, and he states that he keeps his largest horses in excellent order with only fifteen pounds of hay each. This he does by the aid of his hay cutter.

Meal or provender of different kinds is this year cheaper than hay, and it will be economy for those who are a little short of hay, and propose to buy, to purchase grain largely, and hay sparingly. The stomachs of farm stock are so constituted that they will require some fibrous material to give it distension and afford a *cud* for them to "*ruminate*" upon while they are resting. This may be done with the coarser and cheaper kinds of forage and the animal kept in good store order, provided nevertheless a sufficient quantity of nutriment of a more concentrated nature be mingled with it.

This you see was done by the stable keeper before named. It is true, his horses did not "chew their cud," but they nevertheless required a little something to distend their stomachs which was sufficiently done by the fifteen lbs. of hay per day.

In addition to meal, roots may be advantageously used, and also apples, and such other coarser and cheaper articles of the kind as may be at hand, and with a little care and a little judgment a great saving may be made in fodder.

There is another important mode of saving fodder in winter, and that is in keeping your stock warm. A part of the food taken into the stomach seems to be expended in getting up animal heat. We do not yet well understand how this is done, but we know it is done. We know from our own feelings that we can withstand cold weather much better on a full stomach than an empty one.

Capt. Perry, we think it is, says somewhere in his account of his polar expeditions, that when their provisions failed, the cold seemed to increase, and when very hungry the winds seemed to cut right through them, although the thermometers indicated no change in the temperature.

So it is with all animals. Feed them well and the increase of animal heat within is abundantly manifest. It is economy in fodder, as well as the dictates of kindness and mercy to have warm stables for your stock. If you have not the means to build up tight and elegant barns or stables, make them warm some other way,—batten them with bark or slabs, or bank them up, Lapland fashion, with sods or boughs or earth, or any thing that will keep out the cold. Never mind the looks, if thereby you keep them comfortable.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED FARMER.

Late English papers inform us of the death of the Duke of Richmond, who for many years has been a prominent agriculturist. He was twice President of the Royal Agricultural Society, and was for many years President of the Smithfield Club. The *Mark-Lane Express* says: "Agriculture had no truer friend than the Duke of Richmond. His heart was really in the cause, and it was as no mere stepping-stone to something else that he showed stock at a rural gathering, or shook a farmer by the hand." He was greatly esteemed by a numerous tenantry which occupied his estates in England and Scotland. He was in the seventieth year of his age.

For the Maine Farmer.

EGYPTIAN CORN.

Mr. Editor:—Do you or any of your subscribers know anything of the Egyptian corn recently mentioned, I think, in the *Farmer*, and said to bear from seven to twenty ears on one stalk? If it is a profitable variety, please give information in regard to it. By so doing you will oblige me and many more of your subscribers.

Thomas Fletcher.

New Sharon, Nov. 19, 1860.

Note.—The Egyptian corn proved to be a miserable affair. Several farmers in Massachusetts and other States, gave it a fair trial and made an entire failure of it.—Ed.

THE PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

There is every reason to believe that this disease has become nearly extinct in Massachusetts. Paoli Lothrop, Esq., one of the State Commissioners, in a recent letter to the Boston *Cultivator* says:

"We have not found a new case for four or five months. If the disease is all killed out, a great and good work is accomplished. It may make its appearance again in cold weather, but we have *strong* hopes to the contrary."

For the Maine Farmer.

MORE BIG WHEAT CROPS.

Mr. Editor:—There has recently been some pretty loud talk about large crops of wheat harvested this year in Maine. Mr. Edward R. Knowles of Waldoboro,' raised, the present season, from one bushel of seed, twenty-two and one-half bushels, on one hundred and seventy rods, being three rods less than three-quarters of an acre, which would be about thirty-one bushels to the acre. The seed was bought in a neighboring town, and called there the California wheat. The man who reaped the wheat, said that more than the seed was lost on the ground. Those wishing can have some of the same of him to sow. Price $2 per bushel. A Subscriber.

Waldoboro', Nov. 19, 1860.

Correction. In Mr. Hammatt's article last week upon the crop of wheat raised upon his farm, an error occurred. Speaking of the variety raised by him, instead of saying it "has never during the past six years yielded less than sixteen bushel *per acre*"—it should have been "sixteen bushels for one."

WINTER PROTECTION OF TREES, &c.

In regard to the winter protection of trees and vines, we find the following judicious remarks in the *Annual Register of Rural Affairs:* "It is best not to cover raspberries, grape-vines, &c., till winter is close at hand, as they will ripen and harden better if exposed till that period. Grape-vines are often sufficiently protected if simply lying flat on the ground, or at most, with an inch or two of soil. The same remark will apply to the raspberry and blackberry. Caution is needed in the use of straw around fruit trees, as it may encourage the depredations of mice. If covering the stems, it should not be closely tied about them, as the circulation of some air is best. Evergreen boughs placed about any tender trees, afford the best and safest protection. The thicker the coat they form, the more com plete the covering will be."

WINTER MULCHING.

There is a process called winter mulching. What it is, is explained by another extract:

"At the commencement of winter, those who have young trees liable to be injured by cold, and which need high culture, will find an especial advantage in applying a winter mulching of short manure. This treatment is eminently useful for dwarf pears. Protecting well the part below ground is of use to the exposed portions above—in the same way that a man's feet and ears have been found to keep warmer on a cold day, when his body is well clothed.

The best time in the year to manure trees is late in autumn. If applied earlier, it prevents proper cultivation; and if in spring, its protecting influence is lost, and the liquid proportions do not become so well diffused through the soil by the time that growth commences. The manure should be short (not necessarily old or rotted,) to prevent attracting mice; or if short manure cannot be had, a small cone of fresh earth should be raised around each tree eight or ten inches high, which will effectually exclude the mice. In the spring, the manure is spaded in, if in a garden, or worked under by means of a gang-plow, if in an orchard kept clean by horse power."

EXTRAORDINARY COW.

The polled Angus cow, bred by Hugh Watson, of Kellor, county of Forfar, which was shown as extra stock at the Highland Agricultural Society's Show at Aberdeen in 1858, where she excited great notice, and had a medal awarded to her owner by the Society, died at Kellor on Friday, 1st July, 1859, at the wonderful age of thirty-five years and six months. We are not aware of any instance being recorded of an animal of the cow kind ever having attained so great an age. This old cow was the dam of twenty-five calves, all of whom were first class animals of their breed, having each carried prizes at different competitions in Scotland, England, and Ireland in course of the last thirty years, and they and their progeny now spread over many countries and climes. The old cow retained her fine shape and rich mellow quality till she arrived at the mature age of twenty-eight years, when she gave up breeding or giving milk, but continued active, and picked up her food along with the other cows of the herd, never having got any food beyond the common run of the farm-yard. She gradually fell off for the last two years, till she became a most striking picture of old age and infirmity, gave up gathering her food in the field only two days, when an excellent photograph picture of her was taken by Mr. Jackson of Perth, and she then lay down and died, never before having been an hour ill, such was her robust constitution and healthy habit.

FACTS FOR POOR FARMERS.

"Those farmers who have most difficulty to make both ends meet, always plow most and keep most stock. Now these men take the true plan to keep themselves poor, because their crops and stock are always poor and bring little." So writes John Johnston, in a letter to the Secretary of our State Society; and he thus illustrates his statement: "It is good profit to raise three hundred bushels of wheat from ten acres, but when it takes thirty acres to raise that amount, it is raised at a loss. So it is with cattle and sheep—you will see the thinking farmer making four-year-old steers worth from sixty to eighty dollars each, and his neighbor's at the same age not worth over twenty-five to forty dollars." His advice to the latter is, "if his land is exhausted, he should plow no more than he can thoroughly manure. Seed with clover and grass, and let it rest, and that field will not only pay well for tillage, but it will furnish manure (if rightly managed) to make another field of the same size, rich also." And then keep it rich, do not run it with grain until again exhausted, or "the latter end of that land will be worse than the first."

A MODEL STATE.

The Annual Address delivered before the Kennebec Agricultural Society, in Readfield, Oct. 11, 1860,

By Rev. A. J. Church, of Augusta.

As I interpret the design of our exhibitions of industry, they are not simply to teach the citizen how to be the best mechanic, farmer or merchant, but how to be the wisest, purest, noblest-hearted *man*. For I am certain that whatever elevates his tastes, judgment and character, will ennoble and extend the domain of his industry; that his proper education is the sure method of improving the manual avocation of the country.

The Pilgrim sires made no mistake in establishing the School and Church long before Fairs were dreamed of. Their process reared good farmers and mechanics; and all the fairs and premiums and treatises which could be transported on a whole fleet to Africa, would not make the wild nations civilians and laborers till you had, by enlightenment and christianization, made them *men*.

I have judged then, perhaps wisely, that it were not best to take the place of the farmer, cultivator or agriculturist in this address, and tell you how to clear, plow, drain and enrich your fields—how to select and improve seeds and plants—how to economize strength and time in the structure of buildings, fences, gates and roads—how to cross and cultivate the qualities of your flocks and stalls, or to make manufactures more common, or commerce more lucrative. You are a reading people, and in the excellent periodicals, some of which you, of course take, if you mean to make your business thrifty and lucrative, you have the information necessary to success in a convenient form, and to consult and apply at your leisure. But I judge that the laborer who carries the most *mind* into his business, will be the one who gets the largest increase on his capital, and, therefore, I want to set you on ways of thought and methods of self-culture that will improve *you*—that will elevate the toilers in this vast workshop, and to show that the highest premium offered by any board of judges, is that offered upon *character;* that the manufacture of souls of a high grade and excellent quality is the grandest achievement of inventive efforts.

The theme I have selected as apropos to this topic, and this interesting occasion is

THE MODEL STATE!

How many facts, features and elements there are in a good community—just to form a decent neighborhood, and how many more when a community is spread over the ample frame of a State! In the domain and physical resources—the number and adjustment of inhabitants—the means for domestic, intellectual and religious instruction—the arts, agriculture and commerce—the laws and tribunals of family, town and commonwealth—in all, in each, how many things must meet and agree before you have a State! and of what a high, and perfect type must they be before you have a Model State! Yet, in the beneficent arrangements of God, such a community is possible.

The ideal State is, of course, no gay and fairy Utopia, like Tom Moore's exquisite dream. Nor is it the Frenchman's roseate Arcadia, made of tinsel, cologne and fops; but it is an actual, human citizenship, so cultivated and endowed that the real has come up to the ideal; and that the sober, plodding laborer is here, and always, and in every sense a *man;* and those around and dependent on him are conformable to the types of excellence which are possible in a Christian State. Ideality is the very soul of reality. It is reality over and above its low limitations of sense; reality expanded, perfected and applied.

Every object around us is, more or less, as we see it *beneath itself*, debased by its connections, obscured by its surroundings. It has an internal idea better than the external manifestations. Ideality professes to seize this original idea and bring it forth, so that we may know and love the essential thing itself, and educate the man, the family, the State, in the plodding, practical, up to the divine intuition of our existence, the spiritual reality of excellence.

What then are requisites for this Model State? It needs sufficient domain and resources for the maintenance of her population. Greenland could not make it, she has little but rock and ice. Arabia could not form it, she has little but heat and sand. With a contracted territory and stingy resources, many inconveniences and evils will occur. In the pent-up states of central Europe these evils are keenly felt. Holland has a population of 500 to the square mile; Belgium 381; Great Britain 240; Austria 150; Germany 110. Peopled thickly as Germany is, Maine would have 3½ millions; as Great Britain, 7 millions; as Belgium, 10 millions; as Holland, 15 millions of inhabitants.

These are manifestly too dense for health, enterprise or virtue, yet why may she not support as large a populace as either. With a healthy, bracing climate, a fertile, arable soil, and the best of facilities for enriching and cultivating it, she has, also, luxuriant forests, broad lakes, and a thousand streams coursing through her ample bosom, and furnishing power, to any extent, for machinery; minerals for most of her uses; rare facilities for fishing, navigation, ship-building, &c., on her unrivalled coast, and a population second to none in the world in their enterprise, intelligence and thrift. Her farm covers an area of 30,000 square miles for them to develop, and is nearly as large as the rest of New England. Possessing such rare, natural endowments, what doth hinder the Pine Tree State from showing the observer of 1860, a Model State!

The opportunities for the improvement and advancement of her population must be to all in a Model State.

In all the *Pagan* world a favored few hold the tenure to all privileges. The masses are booted and spurred about for their qualifications. If borne in low caste there is no possibility of shaking off the incubus, and rising to manhood. In high caste there are but feeble incentives to activity except in war. In half the *civilized* world, too, an arrogant upper ten has usurped the wealth and power, and the *facilities to attain* them, and the people are treated as if born but to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Now, where all immunities and privileges for advancement are engrossed by a few decaying sprigs of nobility, and they are hampered by etiquet, absurd customs and jealous prerogative, it is evident that man has little part and progress in the establishment. Best intellects are untutored, rarest geniuses are dwarfed, richest resources undeveloped in such a condition. They are jealously crushed down if they rise above the stagnant level of animal power to manhood, and that best quickener of sluggish minds, *competition*, is wholly removed. No wonder there is inertness or revolution, stagnation or earthquake in such a state of things. Strip them down; rivet their manacles; task their sinews to the last grain, and if they grumble "take away their straw." Such is the disposition of authority toward the laborer, except where protestant ideas have torn down the old feudal systems of oppression and made all men feel their manhood and assert their right to a *fair chance* to be men. Invention is puerile or ferocious under such conditions. Muscle is morose and envious, and wealth and labor are antagonisms, keeping a forced and hollow truce till the latter sees a chance for a revolution, and then woe to all when it comes.

I am aware that these privileges condemn *slavery* everywhere, with the political aspects of which I do not wish to meddle, but economically I am compelled to say it is the most wasteful and benumbing incubus that ever laid its torpedo hand on the energies of the human mind. Wherever wealth owns labor or can dictate terms to labor, there is an end to all progress.

The fifteen states of this confederacy that survive on unpaid toils; the autocratic despotisms of the world that put the incomes of industry into the coffers of a few, are stultifying all the best energies of the race, and hugging a gambling old hag that comes to them under the plausible name of *power;* but her progeny are imbecility, poverty, injustice and a whirlwind.

It is not by chance that almost every useful and precious invention; that free schools and wholesome laws and humane institutions have been confined to those countries where labor is free and under the auspices of the protestant religion. And I wish that stingy souls who refuse to support our free schools and christian institutions, and those infidels who dislike our religion, had to be farmers and mechanics in papal or pagan countries long enough to cure their ingratitude. A twelve months of such tuition would cure their avarice and scepticism too.

The number of Patents issued attest the capacity and inventive industry of a people.

For the years 1857-8-9 there were issued to men in the free-labor States, 9560; in the capital States 1449, almost seven times as many where labor is recompensed. More valuable inventions have been brought out in the little State of Massachusetts since 1800, than in all heathendom with 600,000,000 and all papal countries with 140,000,000 of people. Of the contrast in these two systems, thus sings Montgomery:

"Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours
Ambrosial fruits and amaranthine flowers;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns.
In all the pride of Freedom,—*Nature Free*,
Proclaims that man was born for liberty.
She flourishes where'er the sunbeams play,
O'er living fountains, sallying into day;
She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole!
Man, too, where *freedom's* beams and fountains rise,
Spring from the dust and blossoms to the skies;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod; his root is in the grave:
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair,
Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains and the air."

It is where the Bible teaches men their inherent sovereignty and the schools are open to all, and all men are equal before the law, that the forces of nature are harnessed to their machinery and valuable inventions relieve the drudgery and fatigues of labor. Italy has one short railroad, built by foreigners—America, with an equal population, has 380 roads—28,000 miles. Italy has telegraph lines, in all 2500 miles, built by American capital and skill—Yankees have 100 lines, 35,000, miles, of their favorite invention. Italy has the whole of 11 newspapers—America talks through 2800 periodicals, to the eye and ear of her people. Italians turn their timber to boards by the old saw mill of two men, a log on horses, one man on top pulls the saw up another beneath pulls it down. This is the only kind of saw mill in Rome. Here iron grapples draw a log from the river, saw and convert it into boards, shingles, doors, sashes, houses, almost by magic, and quick enough to make an Italian run with fright. Italians plow, harrow, hoe, and reap with implements so clumsy and ponderous that our honestest deacon would have to fight the devil very hard, not to swear by the third day of his toil; while the light, gaunt plow-share and pulverizing harrow and dainty hoe and eight-winged reaper of Yankee ingenuity, make his labor almost a pastime, and conquer the world's applause and premiums at the exhibitions of national industry at London, Paris and New York!

And while corrupt dynasties and impoverishing Church cramp down the energies of Italians,—refuse them bibles, schools and liberty, and waste their substance with riotous living, so long will her streets be filled with begging lazzaroni and her toilers be ill-fed, stupid and incapable of progress. The omens of to-day are hopeful, however, for Italy and for mankind—that the example of free, intelligent, Protestant Britain and America are contagious; that the gallant Dictator is leading on Italy, long too proud to work, never too proud to beg, to a regeneration of her inner life; to banish the mercenaries that have misruled and exhausted her, and with vivats of jubilant gratitude to rise to the character of a *nation*, Italy may be free, and keep step with advancing nationalities that march to the music of virtue, liberty and intelligence toward the goal of an Ideal State.

The Model State is necessarily a moral one, and lest I mean too little by that, I will use the exact term—a religious state. There are those who seriously think that if the people would only obey the laws of hygiene and be healthy—study and be intelligent—scheme and be rich, they would need nothing more. Agricultural societies and committees, too, have often made a grievous mistake in confounding material with essential prosperity, and have commended success, *however earned*. But there is a vast odds, my friends, between a scheming, money-getting people, and a prosperous, permanent state, and a much closer connection between correct principles and substantial thrift, than the financier dreams of. There is the actual relation of cause and effect between spiritual and material prosperity in the affairs of a State; but if their religion had nothing to do with their present improvement, even then, that is far from an ideal community which is sunk into the dead cess-pool of atheism or rent with the furies of fanaticism, or stinking with the leprosy of vice. Inspect the geography of the globe a little. Where are there free schools, books and periodicals in abundance; adequate postal arrangements; commodious retreats for the insane, idiotic, blind, deaf and dumb? Where do the maimed, aged, orphan and destitute find a shelter and support, and begging considered disreputable? Where do the masses exercise the rights of freemen, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Where are the relations of capital and labor so balanced that the toiler can choose his own avocation and make for him and his a good livelihood? All these you find wherever the bible has been circulated, and in just the proportion it has been read, believed and practised, do these beneficent and cheering conditions of society verge toward perfection? But Protestantism is not only humane—it is the source of national strength and prosperity. It has mercy on the poor—yes, and it blesses the rich. It quickens all the faculties of men, opens to them the mysterious microcosm of this earth and sets them to develop all its truths, forces and agencies, and to apply them to the art of living. No one of these glorious creations, or blessed asylums, or civil institutions is enjoyed where the Bible is not, and but miserable imitations follow the state which put Popes above the Bible.

Is it purely accident that Britain and America are checkered all over with railways and lightning wires, and not one is to be found on the broad continent of Africa or Asia or South America, unless built by foreigners? That six hundred millions of people plow with a crotched stick or ponderous hoe, and you with a light draft plow? That females are treated kindly as women, where the Bible is, and elsewhere, over three-fourths of the globe, bought and sold like horses and asses, and worked a good deal harder, while the men do nothing but domineer and cultivate their nails two or three inches long to show that *they* are gentlemen? Is it by chance that the commerce of the world, the navigation of the world, are nine-tenths in the hands of those few nations where the Christian religion obtains a sway? Does it happen that as good mechanics and farmers as can be found in heathen States can be hired for two, three, six, or at the most, twelve cents a day, when you command one, two, three and four hundred per diem? That they live in huts and you in what they would judge palaces? That they *never* eat a meal of flesh unless it be cats, rats, or snakes, while you can have the best, every week, in the market? I can discover but one rational explanation of these facts—those are in heathenism: these have their lot in christendom.

What would you say, what *must* you say of that farmer who had applied poudrette or guano to one part of his corn field, and when that was much greener, stockier, and yielded twice as much as the rest, replies, when you ask pay for the dressing he applied, "O that stuff didn't do it any good; that part only happened to be the best, that's all!" You would say, "He is a knave and means to cheat me;" or, "he is too foolish to trace cause and effect, and don't know what he says."

Gentlemen, you may call this preaching if you please. I confess it is; just such preaching as I get from the geographer and census-taker, who tell me where and what are the resources of divers states and countries—their civil, mercantile, agricultural and domestic conditions—then he ascertains their religion, and I compare the countries. That's my part of the sermon. Mankind is the text. The census-taker writes out, firstly, Agriculture; secondly, Manufactures; thirdly, Commerce; fourthly, Education and Philanthropy; fifthly, Religion. My part of the sermon is, to draw the conclusions which, from the facts stated are, that the Christian religion has more to do with the progress of any nation in science, art, laws, and economics than all other causes put together—that the civilization, thrift, and comfort of a people depend vastly on its observance of the laws of God—that no success in material enterprises can yield security and happiness to a nation that violates the principles of justice and truth, or coins dishonest gold. Some treasures are soggy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rains; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than in substance. One mass of money is the outcome of action which has created; another of action which has annihilated—ten times as much as itself in getting it; such strong hands have been struck down, fresh hearts soured and seared by experience of the cheater's arts;—so many strong men's courage broken, and so many productive operations hindered, and this lying image *success* set up on Dura's plains for men to worship.

That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin;—a wrecker's handful of coin, gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled some ill fated argosy—the heap of ill-gotten plunder which tells how murdered citizens and robbed houses furnish the riches of marauders—or the ingots of gold, all clotted and clammy with tears and blood which drip into the slave-trader's and drunkard-maker's till.

Is not religious culture necessary to make a man? Is that a true education which leaves out of calculation all man's *moral* tastes, tempers, and capacities? As if a glib-tongued parrot would be a man, if he could make money and wear boots! As if the chief end of man were to get money! Why, your old Jack can do that. A man ought to lift his aspirations above the sinister claims and clamor of business to love and worship his God—to contemplate the wisdom, goodness, and majesty of his Creator, and enliven his household with sweet orisons of prayer and praise. It is his privilege to ennoble his toils with reverent studies and exercises—to submit all his ways, and works, and interest, and cares to his kind Preserver, and to let God think for him, while he works and prays. He has a soul kindred to angels in its powers and capacities. How swift its velocity of travel! How amazing its capacity for thought and feeling, for love, hate, hope and distress! What boldness hath it in enterprise! what fortitude in suffering! what joys in eternal triumph! And shall this great, noble, lofty gift, a soul, be tamed down to a mere truck-horse in toys, and counted good for so much drudgery, and nothing more, and higher? I say, every man ought to be a *man*—body erect, and soul master of matter;—aspiring to the ideal life, beauty and felicity of spiritual vitality. The end of human activities and inventions is not to pile up so many hard ingots, and clothe so many two-legged cattle, in glittering vesture, as I interpret Heaven's intention; but the final outcome and consummation of all this world of experiments is, the production of as many as possible full-breathed, grateful, obedient, happy-hearted, human creatures. I aver that it is too bad, with the splendid possibilities in your souls for celestial progress and joy—that with *animals* at one end of the plow, there should be nothing but animals to hold it at the other.

Instead of this effeminate simpleton, whose acts really say, If you please, sir, I'd rather not be a man; or this stalwart lust, whose acts say, I will be a brute; should not every one of us bravely, religiously, strive to come to God's ideal of manhood and citizenship, and do something to be a *man*, in a manly and righteous way?

In a State answering to this high character, there will be a proper division of labor. No part of our social machinery has so baffled political economists as this: How to distribute the burdens and immunities of life so that each shall have no cause of complaint. The aristocracy divides it thus: You take the tasks, we'll do the play. And the sweating masses, long used to this sort of equality, reply with the stoned frogs, It may be fun to you; it is death to us!

Whether the ruling rich shall do nothing but bask in voluptuous ease and luxury, and the obeying poor do nothing but submit, toil, and die, are such saucy questions that they push their stiff noses right up into the face of Indolence and Royalty, and will have to be answered. Dismissed once and again, now by wordy argument, now by fawning diplomatist, now by a whiff of grape shot, still this ugly inquiry will keep coming back to plague those who are unwilling to hear the verdict of honesty, and try to hold on to the false privilege of living by others' toils.

The limber sweep of true ideas in this Democratic country has well nigh settled this discussion with us. Every man is bound to take a share of the risks and labors, and is entitled to his share of the comforts and privileges of his people. Absurdities do not go unchallenged here; even in monarchical countries, they see the wrong of keeping a few, to waste money by the million, time in parading gew-gaws—bowing and scraping to one another, oppressing or corrupting the masses, and begetting like expensive toys, for the next generation. It is preposterous, that Victoria's household should be paid $3,000,000 per annum for wearing the honors of royalty, while 300,000 hard-fisted men toil all the year to earn it, and deny their own homes common necessities to do it. Government indeed is needed. Those who administer it must be paid; but such invidious and enormous distinctions never can be tolerated here. That a few should usurp power, privilege and wealth, while millions suffer in neglect and penury, is sheer, bold, rank injustice; and as true sentiments prevail must be righted. But in this broad, free land, where kingliness and its abuses are abolished, our toils and occupations are yet too exclusive. There is no pampered class exempt from trusts and exertions, 'tis true, and our rulers are all hard-worked men, on moderate enough pay; but still there is not a proper division of labors. Almost every man rides a hobby, i. e. his avocation. He can do that, he can do nothing else; he don't wish to. The politician don't want to do anything else but be an officer, even at low pay. The artist and connoisseur shut themselves out from common sense and dust, and labor, and practice daintiness and technicalities by themselves. Scholars and teachers mingle no manual and health-giving labors with severe mental discipline, and prematurely superannuate and depart. The clergyman must be confined to the quiet of his study, and the routine of his pulpit—must all the time be dressed in buckram, say prayers or pass over dusty tomes lest he soil the saintly purity of his surplice, or ruffle the seraphic tranquility of his temper. Wealthy young men too, think themselves free from all obligations to be employed and useful, because they fell into a rich, instead of a poor woman's cradle—waste their money, time, energies, and hopes by cultivating the acquaintance of fast horses and fast women, bad men, tobacco and liquors, and whimper out their premature dotage in an almshouse, or in nursing the gout and other diseases which their vices planted, and in cursing the wicked education which taught them to despise labor and practice crime.

So goes the world with one part, while the farmer or mechanic, shut out from all other pursuits is put to the severities of unremitting toil. His labors are too exacting and exhaustive; his calling too servile. My judgment is that if all the plans of business were so arranged that these men of sedentary pursuits could do something else part of the time, they, and society would be the gainers. The statesman, artist, teacher, clergyman, banker, lawyer, merchant or physician would do as much and as well, in his pursuit if he spent three hours a day in some manual and remunerative labor, as he does now.

If our eagerness for wealth were abated, and the keenness of competition relaxed, this would be done, (it is slightly now) and the man who lives by his mind's work, would bring to his task a fresher, stronger, healthier mind, because in a fresher, stronger, healthier body. He would not be the pale, weakly, cadaverous, cavern-eyed candidate for an early hospital or sepulchre he now is, nor the laborer be forced to that hard, incessant toil which robs his life of its social and intellectual amenities and pleasures, and brings it too near in analogy to the galley slave, or the truck horse. The ten hour system operates most benignly on the employees—gives them time for reading, writing, visiting and devotion—relieves them of the oppressive sense of fatigue and languor which twelve or fourteen hours of toil produces, and exerts a most beneficent influence on his domestic and divine relations. At the same time the employer is not a loser in money, and if human life and happiness are aught to him, he is the gainer, for they work swifter, easier, more cheerfully and heartily.

There is still too much difference in the pay of male and female labor, and too much prejudice against ladies occupying the remunerative positions which she can fill. Why, I ought to inquire, when there are thousands of competent girls, who, for lack of business, must be supported by their friends, Are there not situations for those who would work? Why are our ticket, telegraph and printing offices, picture galleries, clerkships, post offices, all monopolized by men, when ladies would do the business just as well, and wouldn't run away with or squander the funds more than half as often? Why should broad-shouldered, muscular rail-splitters be perched up behind a counter to sell crinoline, tape and garters to ladies, while their own sex could do it better on half the wages? Why should they not be doctors, dentists, jewellers, artists, musicians, or anything else where a ready judgment, an expert hand and delicate taste are requisite, as well as strapping great fellows who could serve on decks or farms?

"The work-girl gazed on this muscleless crew,
Who were doing the work she was destined to do;
She deeply sighed, Ah me! ah me!
This is the place where I should be!"

Did I hear some one grumble, They are not *competent!* Are not competent! Sir! How then dare you trust all those important posts filled by *mothers*, to ladies, and three-fourths of those most onerous, difficult and vast-sweeping functions of the school teachers to their impotent hands, and a thousand other arduous trusts that affect the interests of time and eternity, to the imbecile sisters? Yet you think they are not competent. For shame! that *you* should say it. I'll wager that if you ever had a sister or sweetheart, and you gave her a chance, she could beat you easily, thoroughly, in the acquisition of any art or accomplishment. Did you ever hear of Sappho, Aspasia, or Semiramis of ancient fame? or of Joan of Arc, or Christina of Sweden, or Elizabeth of England! Has no single scrap of history enlightened you as to the marvelous capacities of Mary Lyon, Florence Nightingale or Jenny Lind? of Mrs. Stowe, Madam Pfeifer, or Mrs. Patten!

Are not competent eh? I agree that they are not, to chew tobacco and do the swearing, to guzzle down vile compounds till they are half brutish, and then fight, gamble or run away with other people's money and wives. I never contended that they *were* adequate to these performances, but for anything else in the employments named, experiment has demonstrated their fitness and capacity.

I hope to see the time when all our light, indoor occupations shall be filled by the fair sex, and the usurpers turned out to redeem the other half of our natural resources from a state of worthlessness. And the dreamy song which floated upon the ear of the work-girl will be no more a dream:

"Then the Sewing Bird sang again and again
As he soar'd o'er the sonorous woods of Maine,
See, see, see, see!
This is the place where Men should be!"

But now, banished from the proper and well-paying fields of labor by the gallant sex, you need not wonder if her astonishment and indignation find utterance in Woman's Rights Conventions, or hushed mutterings at home, and that

"She pondered long on the strange decree
That she, wherever she turned, should see
Men in the places where women should be!"

Lastly. The citizens of a Model State, give due attention to the cultivation of the arts and graces of life.

I do not, of course, consider the cultivation of taste equally essential with freedom or religion, yet I am sure nothing is lost, and much is gained by proper esthetic culture.

Refinement has much to do with health, morals and happiness. Carelessness leads to indolence, dirt and disease. Indians, slaves and beggars are proverbially dirty, and care for nothing but to satisfy the cravings of the moment, and pitch into a squalid nest. But is that *life* fit for human beings? I protest against such beastliness being called, as some say it is, nature, contentment. Yes, if nature, it is swine's nature; if contentment and happiness, it is that of clams. It makes a man of true feeling grate his teeth to ride by some situations and hold his nose, or wish he had none, to go in on a beautiful slope where a tasty dwelling and fruit trees and shrubs well arranged, would create a scene of pastoral simplicity and loveliness. You see an awkward, shattered barn on the best site; the house a perfect botch of ugliness, stuck on the flat, in the mud, and trees and flowers unable to endure such ghastly architecture, all fled, while tumble-down fences, walls and gates, with weather-beaten carts, plows and carriages are bent on getting the premium offered to the one which looks the worst. Each has its peculiar frightful stare, while inside each dingy room has its villanous smells and cumbersome furniture and killing disorder. Pan reigns here, surely, for no other God could invent such a ghostly picture as this. What, in New England? Yes, sir, right in your own inimitable New England, where bold, lofty mountains and gentle slopes and purple, vermilion and golden hill-sides are fringed at the bottom with winding silver brooks, misty lakes and tidal rivers and bays. Where well-tilled farms, tidy white cottages, fragrant gardens and orchards teeming with their red, green and yellow balls of fruit, and hanging festoons of ivy, honey-suckle and grapes, form pictures of surpassing neatness and beauty. I have seen specimens of just such heterodox horribleness as I have partly described.

My friends, a cramped, awkward, homely habitation costs as much as a commodious and pleasant one, while the last one is fit to *live in* as well as to be named. Those farmers are usually most thrifty, whose homes are neat and tasty, and certainly have most respect and enjoyment in their families.

I take the liberty to suggest to your premium committees, whether it would not do the community more good to pay a round bonus on the longest row of shade trees set along the street, instead of the fastest nag; or improve the world to offer the same reward to ladies for being the most efficient school teachers and house-keepers, which they now compete for, by unsexing themselves on the race course.

God has given us a glorious combination of beauties in the world—in sight and sound, in

odor and feeling and taste, and it seems a virtue as well as pleasure to me to weave them into all the methods and arrangements of life. To combine grace and usefulness, beauty and duty in the operations of this earthly state, is at once an art and an enjoyment of but little cost, and a real addition to the pleasures of existence. In a house of comely but moderate pretensions, let there be order, taste and thrift—a few elegancies of art, flowers, vines and fruits around, and stately shades—enlivened with music, piety and peace—the jocund carol of birds or children and the sweetest exhalations, smiles, affections and devotions, and there needs no costly importations and gorgeous adornings to make it elegant and beautiful. Beauty and pleasure feel at home there. They sing their purest minstrelsy and breathe their richest perfumes, and pour their sunniest joys on such homes as this. If you would enjoy the world as God meant it for you—if you would keep sons and daughters long under the paternal roof and from illicit intercourse with evil companions and practices—if home shall have for you and yours attractions so potent, charms so endearing that they are second only to what the weary pilgrim feels when he looks up and sighs for heaven, you must pay attention to these refinements and comforts—you must make home the most delicious, cheerful, beautiful, and enchanting spot the earth affords. Such an effort pays. It pays, sir, good dividends of thrifty peace and honor, besides preventing the heartaches too many parents suffer for profligate and ruined children. It throws a halo of beauty and gladness over the hearthstone. It bubbles up in our schools and churches in pure, crystal springs, perennial and life giving, and is an elixir of youth and health in all the wearying cares, and crushing griefs of life.

I have indicated some of the prominent features of a Model State. There are other touches and shades I would like to add. Wholesome laws faithfully administered, generous provisions for the destitute and unfortunate, brotherly welcome for the oppressed and the stranger, ready and high-priced markets for products, &c. All these come in to fill out the details of the picture, and realize the ideal which is the soul of the external—the perfect conception with which I began.

It would not be modest to say that the young State of Maine, rugged in feature, frigid in climate, isolated in her oriental position, stands this Queen among her sisters of the Confederacy. But in the breadth, variety, and value of her resources, in the fairness and freeness of opportunity for all men, in the moral and religious tone of her sentiments, institutions and laws, in an equitable division of labors and duties, in cultivation of the arts and graces of happy life, in the excellence and equity of her laws, a generous charity to the needy and distressed, in none of these, is she, according to her population a whit behind the very chiefest of these Republican Empires. Her sons and daughters need not blush to own their Alma Mater in any land. If this and succeeding generations are loyal to her, to themselves, to their distinguished advantages, and "go on to perfection," the citizens of this State may say in 1960 to the world, DIRIGO!

MAINE FARMER

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1860.

A SPECIAL CALL.

Now that the interest in the Presidential election has subsided, we hope our subscribers will begin to think of the Printer. A large amount is due us for the paper and for advertising, scattered in small sums all over the State, and in many other portions of the country. We greatly need at this time what is due us, to meet our pecuniary obligations. Will our friends who are indebted to us, do us the great favor to remit the whole or a portion of the amount either to us directly or make payment to our local and traveling agents as they may be called on. Will the several local agents of the *Farmer* bestir themselves in our behalf, and remit their collections to us at an early day.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE—A WORD FOR BOTH.

It is very common to style this as *the* age of progress—as if of all past ages, and ages to come, the present time is entitled to the first place in matters of improvement and progress. Fourth of July orators, and speakers and writers for Buncombe, find here a never-failing subject, and one that once kindled by a spark of the "divine afflatus" is seldom quenched before producing a perfect "blaze of glory," with all the requisite corruscations, side-lights, rockets and lesser illuminations to match. Now we beseech our friends not to be alarmed, for we havn't the slightest intention of entering the lists, or trying our hand at raising a meteoric squall of that description at present; and if we ever should feel like doing it hereafter, we promise to give three weeks' notice of the fact in the *Farmer*, for the benefit of the timid. We have called attention to the matter now for a different purpose.

While it is admitted on every hand that a great advance has been made in almost every department of human affairs within the last twenty years, we think there is a tendency to form a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the effects and results of our own efforts. There is, too, in the minds of many, an apprehension,—not always expressed or perhaps even acknowledged to themselves,—that the summit has been reached and passed, and that the most we can hope to do hereafter is to maintain our present level. They point to the great improvements in agriculture, in manufactures, and in the arts and sciences—to the mighty expansion of commerce and the increased facilities for carrying it on—to the thousand thousand valuable inventions and discoveries—to the almost miraculous growth of new states and nations, in the past,—and then ask, with a sigh, how it is possible to rival these in the future, or in fact to produce anything that is worthy of mention in comparison. They are ready to despair, and like the lucky speculator who has succeeded in working his favorite fancy stock up to its maximum price, are ready to *sell out* and retire. Perhaps it would not be fair to say that they imagine that all wisdom will die with them, but they evidently look upon their successors in the generations to come, with a feeling akin to that of pity for their want of opportunity to improve and advance their condition.

Now we believe this is a great waste of sympathy. We think it is fair to presume that the people who come after us will be able to take care of themselves. Every advance in any of the particulars we have mentioned as marking the history of the present age, is but the sure stepping-stone to some other; and, in most cases, much of the success of this age, which appears so marvelous, is the result and necessary sequence of some former discovery, some prior step in the great march of the world's improvement. The discoveries and advances of former times were the sure precursors and means for attaining those of the present. As it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. The successes and victories of this age are laying the foundations strong and sure for still more brilliant results in the future. Every invention and discovery is the fruitful parent of many others; and there need be no fear or apprehension that the end is yet reached.

Take, for example, the interest of commerce, one of the leading and controlling interests of the world. Never before was so promising a field offered to enterprise and diligence directed by skill, as the world offers to-day. Never before had our country so fair an opportunity to get the control of that commerce as now. The commerce of the East has always made rich the countries that have controlled it; and we have to-day a better chance than any other nation to get and keep it. Our geographical position gives us large advantages over all the other leading powers, while our pacific policy better commends itself to the attention and favor of those large and populous countries hitherto but little known to the world. Slowly but surely the great and wealthy nation of Japan is opening her ports for traffic with our countrymen. But few years can elapse before a trade will spring up with that mighty empire of which we now have no adequate conception, rivalling in its magnificence and extent the trade with the East, so long monopolized by the nations of Europe.

Events, too, are daily transpiring in China which cannot fail before long to throw open that great country, so long isolated from the rest of the world, to commerce and civilization. There, too, our country stands on the footing of the most favored nations, with natural advantages in our favor.

But brilliant as is the prospect in the East, there is a field nearer home, quite as rich in all the elements of commerce, that has as yet never been explored, except in a very limited sense. We allude to South America. Of immense extent—but little known to the nations of Europe or to us—with resources of all kinds believed to be almost unbounded—traversed in all directions by rivers navigable for large vessels,—this continent offers to commerce, and to the country that first controls that commerce, a glorious field for the acquisition of wealth and power.

Who is to say, then, that commerce must henceforth decline and languish? Such a future was never before beheld or contemplated; and what is true of commerce is true of agriculture and all the rest.

The present is no time to sigh for other worlds to conquer, or to waste regrets over the past; but every thing and every motive should inspire us with the ambition to make the future exceed the past in every good work.

TIMBY'S BAROMETER. We know it is not wise to endeavor to look too far into the future; but it is desirable as well as convenient, sometimes, to know what the weather is going to be. There are some people so sensitively constituted that they can unmistakeably foretell a rain storm or some other unpleasant change in the weather by certain uncomfortable physical sensations. As the phrase is, "they feel it in their bones." Such people are natural perapatetic barometers, and do not need the aid of any scientific contrivance to give them notice of the approach of foul weather. We have not the privilege of being one of these weather-wiseacres—indeed, we think we should prefer not to be quite so delicately made up as to be subject to a twinge of rheumatism or neuralgia every time a storm is brewing, especially when the knowledge can be obtained with equal certainty and a great deal more pleasantly, by means of the instrument recently invented by Mr. Timby and manufactured by John M. Merrick & Co., Worcester, Mass., a notice of which has been heretofore given in these columns.

We know we are doing a service to our readers—particularly to our agricultural readers—in bringing this subject again to their notice. The practical uses of the barometer in the various out-door pursuits are too obvious to need specification. In none, however, with the possible exception of the sea-farer, can it be made of so much benefit as to the farmer. Without enumerating the instances in which its timely premonitions might be serviceable to him, it will suffice to mention the fact that there is an estimated annual loss of five per cent. in the harvesting of the agricultural products of the country, occasioned by injury to the crops from storms or a succession of damp and cloudy days, and amounting to at least *fifty millions of dollars!* That a large proportion of this might be saved by the more general use of the barometer, must be apparent to all. It may be depended upon to give warning of the approach of a storm of from ten to sixty hours, sufficient, probably, in most cases, for all necessary precaution to be taken by those who may have crops or other property exposed. The instrument of Mr. Timby is afforded at a price within the means of all; it constitutes a handsome article of furniture in the house, and is so constructed as to be portable at pleasure. We confidently look to see it become ere long as common and indispensable an article in the household of the farmer as the time-piece or the cooking-stove. Mr. J. D. Pierce of this city has them for sale.

AGRICULTURAL LECTURES. We learn from the *American Agriculturist* that the novel experiment of the New Haven Agricultural lectures last winter was so successful as to induce its repetition this winter on a more complete scale. The course will commence Feb. 5, and continue through the month. These lectures, which are of great value to the whole country, and worthy the attention of every cultivator, are given under the auspices of the Yale Scientific School, or Scientific department of Yale College, as a supplement to its newly instituted course of practical collegiate education, and for the benefit of the public at large. A new and important feature of this course will be its complete illustration by specimens, drawings, models and animals. Life-sized paintings of groups from celebrated herds will be included in these illustrations. The lectures on training and breaking horses are to be accompanied by practical illustrations. The lecturers of last year will take part in the course, and other eminent names, with a variety of new subjects, will be added to the list.

The expenses of the course are provided for in part by subscription. The lecturers are under the direction of Prof. John A. Porter, who may be addressed for further information at New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH DOWNS IN HANCOCK COUNTY. Capt. J. R. Arey of Bucksport, whose purchase of a fine improved South Down buck of Mr. Whittier, we noticed a few weeks since, has since added to his stock three full blood ewes of the same breed, obtained of Mr. McCausland, of Farmingdale, paying therefor $20 a piece. Capt. Arey, who acts upon the wise principle that it is as easy to propagate good breeds as poor ones, and a great deal more profitable, is not only benefitting himself, but doing a service to the interests of stock husbandry in his county. We hope his efforts will be appreciated and amply rewarded. The ewes referred to are undoubted pure-bloods from late importations by Samuel Thorn, Esq. of New York.

☞ Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin met each other for the first time in Chicago last week. They received visitors at the Tremont House on Friday—more than two thousand persons availing themselves of the opportunity of being introduced to the President and Vice President elect.

WE OUGHT TO MAKE OUR GLASS.

We said in our last number that we ought to make all the iron we needed. Another article of great consumption is glass. A large amount of the glass used in the United States is made in different sections of the Union, but in 1856 there was imported, principally from Belgium, a half million of dollars worth of window glass alone, besides large amounts of glass ware and other glass manufactures. But Maine makes no glass, and uses a great deal. For this article, therefore, as well as for her iron, she is dependent upon other States or on foreign nations. At the same time she has, in different parts of her territory, a great abundance of quartz rock and silicious sands admirably adapted for the business, which are the most important articles used for this purpose. Besides these, she has abundance of lime, if any should be needed; and can supply any amount of potash from her forests, or of soda from her marine waters and marine plants, both of which substances are largely used in the manufacture. Add to this the abundant supply of fuel for heating her furnaces, and what more is needed to enable the State of Maine to make glass sufficient for home use, and also a large surplus for exportation? Nothing but an abiding faith in the business to employ some of the capital of the State in the establishment of well equipped glass houses and the employment of skillful operators to manufacture the required articles.

If only a small moiety of Maine capital, which for a few years past has been carried out of the State to build others up in the western States, and to Texas, and to California, and to Oregon, and the Lord knows where, had been invested in the manufacture of glass within our own borders, Maine would have been permanently benefited, and the owners themselves be, at this moment, receiving a far better dividend from their investments than they now do. There seems to have been a strange infatuation among some of our moneyed men to get the money they have earned by hard knocks at home, away as far and as fast as possible into some new fancied unimproved place, and there invest it in lands to be improved some ages hence, when there are thousands of chances, all about them, for investment in some fair and sure business. This, while it would bring less care and feverish anxiety, would also, while it gave what ought to be satisfactory gains, build up their immediate locations, and make them desirable places for future improvements.

A few glass houses in Maine would save immense amount of money at home—would bring in money from abroad—would give business to many men and children not now very productively employed, and would make an excellent local market for the farmers and gardeners and the mechanics in their respective neighborhoods.

SALE OF IMPORTED STOCK IN NEW BRUNSWICK. We learn from the New Brunswick papers that the sale of sheep and pigs imported by the Provincial Board of Agriculture took place at Shediac on Wednesday, Oct. 31st. There was a respectable number of farmers and gentlemen interested in agricultural pursuits on the ground. The bidding was spirited, and the prices high. Eleven Leicesters, four South Downs, four North Devons, one Lincoln sheep were sold for about £160; seventeen large and small Yorkshire pigs brought £69.

The Italian rye grass seed sold at various prices—one bag sold as high as £3 7s. 6d. The bags contained a little over eight bushels.

Mr. John H. Reid, of Fredericton, sold his imported Oxfordshire ram "Douglas" to Mr. M'Monagle; and another of the same breed, was purchased by Mr. Magee, of the firm of Magee Brothers, St. John, to take to his fine farm on the Annapolis River. Mr. M'Monagle also sold his imported South Down ram to Mr. H. Peters to take to Kent.

WHAT A LITTLE WOMAN DID. A subscriber in Androscoggin county informs us that a lady neighbor of his,—yet on the sunny side of 40, and weighing only 83 lbs. avoirdupois,—owning a farm of some two hundred acres, has raised during the past season, 60 bushels of corn, 38½ do. wheat, 41 do. rye, 42 do. barley, 900 do. oats, 400 do. potatoes, 1000 do. apples, grafted fruit, and 60 tons of hay. She also keeps 40 head of neat stock, 8 horses and 60 sheep. The value of the above products is estimated at not less than $1600, while the expense has been about $600—leaving a net profit of a thousand dollars for the smart little woman to put into her pocket. If farming will pay like this under the management of a woman, why should the big two-fisted fellows complain that they cannot get a living by it?

AROOSTOOK VS. KENNEBEC. Not long since we took occasion to offset a big potato story told by one of our Aroostook cotemporaries, with a statement of *fact* in the experience of one of our Kennebec farmers. The Aroostook *Herald* makes another attempt to get ahead of our time, as follows:

MAINE FARMER TAKE NOTICE. Mr. W. C. Greenlow of this town dug *two hundred* potatoes from one hill this fall, the most of them of fair size for cooking. The *Maine Farmer*, who bragged largely on one hundred and sixty, will please take notice that Aroostok is *forty* ahead and the back towns all heard from.

We can do better than that, Br. Hall. Mr. David Watson of Rome, in this county, informs us that he has raised this season from two potatoes of the California variety, one bushel and three pecks, weighing 104 lbs.

TOWN SHOWS. A larger number of Town Agricultural Shows have been held this season than ever before. Shows have been reported in Wayne, Winthrop, Pittston, China, Albion, Fayette, in this county, and in Norredgewock, Unity, Bethel, Leeds, Fort Fairfield, and perhaps others, all of which, so far as we have heard, have been very successful—comparing very favorably in their results with the several county exhibitions. We have not been able to afford room for detailed reports of these Shows, but our columns are at all times open to such briefly written accounts as may be furnished us by correspondents.

☞ The Augusta Bridge is now in the hands of the Free Bridge Company, the transfer having been made on the 15th inst. by the payment of the purchase money, $25,000. A reduction has been made in the tolls upon several descriptions of vehicles, to be followed soon, as we learn, by a proportionate reduction throughout the schedule of rates. The receipts thus far, we understand, promise a much larger revenue to be appropriated to the ultimate freedom of the Bridge than has been calculated upon by the most sanguine advocates of the enterprise.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY. We have received a handsomely printed Catalogue of the officers and students of Waterville Academy for the academical year 1860-61. It is one of the most flourishing institutions of the kind in the State, numbering 176 pupils—112 gentlemen and 74 ladies—during the past year. The principal is a gentleman every way qualified for the position, and he is supported by an able corps of assistants. The winter term commences Tuesday, Nov. 27.

☞ The Prince of Wales had not reached England at the last accounts. He sailed from Portland on the 19th of October—and on the 14th of November had been 25 days out. The royal fleet was spoken on the 30th ult., in lat. 48, long. 35½ bound east.

HOWE'S IMPROVED SCALES. "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord, but a just weight his delight," on the abstract principles of justice, equity and honest dealings, and it is particularly an abomination to the purchaser of goods by weight, in consequence of the practical effects that fraud and cheating have in diminishing his property and depriving him of that which honestly belongs to him. A sense of the duty of performing exact justice in this matter between men, has led, from time to time, to improvements in the mechanical apparatus for weighing, and within a few years we have seen a very essential change take place for the better in the construction of this kind of mechanism. Many of our readers can well remember the old fashioned hay-scales, which used to stand in almost every village, like a sort of steeple, or covered gallows, by the wayside. The loaded cart used to be driven under it; then fastened by chains to the upper beam, and by wheel and pulley, a man in an adjoining room, with much ado, would hoist the whole from the ground, where it remained dangling in the air until, by the addition of weights suspended at the other end of the big steelyard beam, the weight of the load could be approximated, or rather, we should say, scientifically guessed at. It was customary in those days,—probably on account of the deficiency of truly correct means for ascertaining the exact weight of heavy burthens,—to give in a certain number of pounds in order to be sure to have enough. Thus, 112 and 128 pounds were counted for 100, for certain bulky articles.

The first innovation on this system was the improvements made by the Messrs. Fairbanks of Vermont, who so improved the apparatus for weighing, in their platform scales, that you could weigh with the greatest accuracy a load of hay or a single cheese, and that by merely placing it on the platform and moving the pea upon the beam. These were a great improvement, and the steeple steelyards soon came down and the platforms took their place. The Fairbanks' scales were and still are a "great institution." So well satisfied are people now with the means of accurately weighing goods, that they are content to receive 100 pounds instead of the 112 or 128, as in olden time.

It was thought the Fairbanks couldn't be beat, and so for years they have monopolized the manufacture of the platform scales. But recently we find other Vermont yankees on their track. These are the Messrs. Howe of Brandon, (as you will see by our advertising columns,) who are largely engaged in the manufacture of platform scales on Strong & Ross' patent.

Our friend Osgood of Gardiner, in this county, who is Agent for the firm, had, in connection with Messrs. Littlefield & Co. of Portland, a large assortment of these scales on exhibition at the recent State Fair at Portland, which attracted a great deal of attention among the crowd. A very polite man was constantly on hand to wait upon those who wished to be weighed, and thousands stepped upon the platform and had their "*avoirdupois*," in exact figures, put down upon a card and handed them "free gratis for nothing." All were weighed, and none found wanting in exterior material at any rate.

These scales are thoroughly, accurately and neatly made, and are of various sizes and capacities. One very convenient kind for families and stores, is called the Union or Family Scale—with moveable scoop—weighing from half an ounce to 250 pounds, and costing $10. You can get them of all sizes and powers, from a post-office scale in which to weigh letters and billetdoux, to railroad platforms that will weigh more than 100 tons.

A BAD HABIT. A correspondent writing us from Orland, wishes us to mention the fact for "the encouragement of the industrious in our Sabbath Schools," that a little girl named Nancy Eastman in the school of which he was principal, had recently committed to memory and recited, in fourteen lessons, 1189 verses of the New Testament.

We make note of the fact, not however for the purpose of commendation, but to protest against what we regard as a pernicious habit. Not long since we recorded the wonderful cramming performance of several Sabbath School children, who in competition for a prize offered by some well-meaning but unthinking person, had each committed we think some fifteen thousand verses of Scripture to memory. If we wished to undermine and permanently injure the mental and physical constitution of a child, we could resort to no more speedy and certain method, for that purpose. Such a tax upon the mind and body of children in our schools should never be permitted by those having them in charge—the risk is too great, to both, while on the other hand no corresponding moral or religious benefit can possibly result from the experiment. Let us hear no more of such things.

A BURGLAR CAUGHT. On Tuesday night last, about 11 o'clock, as City Marshal Heath was sitting in his watch room on Water street, he heard the breaking of glass, apparently not far off. Sallying out to ascertain what was going on, he was not long in discovering that a pane of glass had been broken from the window of Jones & Gerrish's auction store, with the evident intention of obtaining unlawful entrance thereto. Placing himself in a convenient position to watch the premises, he saw a man walk by the store several times at intervals of about fifteen minutes each, cautiously looking about apparently to see if the coast was clear. At length, as if emboldened by the quiet condition of things, the individual commenced introducing himself through the broken aperture. He had succeeded in getting his body about half through, when the sound of approaching footsteps alarmed him, and as he withdrew hastily from the breach, with a view to giving leg bail, he was pounced upon by the Marshal—who had caught him in the act—and conveyed to secure lodgings for the night. He is an Irishman, giving his name as John Welch, recently from the old country, and on his way to Bangor in search of employment. It is presumed that when discovered by the Marshal, with his head wedged in the sash-frame, *he had lost his way!* On Wednesday he was bound over by Judge Titcomb to take his trial at the present term of the Supreme Court.

DEATH OF REV. D. C. INGRAHAM. We regret to record the death in this city on Friday morning last, of Rev. Daniel Cony Ingraham, son of our venerable townsman, Rev. J. H. Ingraham For some time past, on account of failing health, he had been debarred from the performance of the duties of his profession, for which he was eminently qualified by talent and disposition and culture; but no particular anxiety was felt, we believe, in regard to any immediate fatal issue of the disease. It suddenly assumed, however, a violent form, and terminated after about two weeks of intense suffering, in death. His early decease will be lamented by a large circle of friends, in this community where he was known and loved. Mr. Ingraham was a graduate of Bowdoin College—class of 1850, and an ordained clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

DR. POMEROY AS A LECTURER. An invitation, numerously signed and headed by Mayor Howard, has been extended to Rev. S. L. Pomeroy, D. D., to deliver a course of lectures on the Turkish Empire, in Portland. The course will be delivered.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE KNICKERBOCKER. Richly garnished as its pages have ever been with good things, the new publishers of this magazine promise still more zealous efforts in the future to justify the partiality and liberality with which it has been hitherto sustained. Its sphere has not been politics, nor theology, nor science, nor dry historical or statistical discussion; these have their appropriate places in publications devoted specially to such subjects. It owes its long and successful career, and its high reputation, to the good taste, judgment and ability which have made it for many years the only purely literary magazine in the country. It will continue, we are assured, to maintain this speciality—embracing in its range everything which can be classed as current literature: tales, descriptions, travels, biography, poetry, reviews, and so forth, added to which are the "Editor's Table" and "Gossip"—those original and inimitable *Knickerbocker* institutions which have contributed so much to the popularity of the magazine under the management of its accomplished and genial editor, Louis Gaylord Clark. Published by J. R. Gilmore, New York. Terms $3 per annum.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The contents of this magazine for December are fully up to its established standard of excellence—which is enough to say of it. The Professor continues his Story; the early policy of the United States with the Barbary powers is freely ventilated, somewhat, it is true at the expense of our national vanity; 'Midsummer and May' are made to linger in the lap of winter—and 'Sunshine' comes hand in hand with them. The other articles are; The Two Tongues; Epithalmia; Arthur Hallam; The Confessions of a Medium; John Andre and Honora Sneyd; We shall rise again; A Plea for Freedom from Speech and Figures of Speech-making; Reviews and Literary Notices; Among the features of interest announced for 1861, are new novels by Mrs. Stowe and Charles Reade, a new romance by the author of "Charles Auchester," &c.; besides articles from the eminent writers who have heretofore contributed to its pages. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, publishers. Terms $3 per annum.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES. Illustrated by nearly One Hundred Engravings. By Robert Jennings, V. S. Philadelphia: published by John E. Potter, 617 Sansom street.

This we have no hesitation in saying is one of the best works upon the subject ever published. It embraces the history and varieties of the Horse; his breeding, management and vices; the diseases to which he is subject, and the remedies adapted to their cure. Added to these are Rarey's method of training horses, and the law of warranty as applicable to the purchase and sale of the animal. It is prepared by one well qualified by his profession as a veterinary surgeon of extensive practice and reputation. No one who owns a horse or has anything to do with his care and management ought to be without such a work. The information it contains in regard to his ailments and other important particulars, would doubtless prove many times more valuable to the possessor than the cost of the book. We commend it unqualifiedly to our horse-friends.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY is a large and handsomely printed and embellished magazine, also unusually rich in its literary contents. The number for December contains one hundred royal quarto pages and a great number of interesting and amusing illustrations. The ladies' department contains the latest authentic fashions prevailing in Paris and New York, together with innumerable patterns of needle-work, crochet, &c., &c. The eighth volume commences with farming, 1861; terms $3 per year. Address Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for December closes the series for 1860. It has in all respects sustained its well-earned reputation as a publication specially adapted to the wants of refined, educated and intelligent households. The publishers announce their intention to give additional value and interest to the magazine during the ensuing year. We have no doubt all their pledges to their patrons will be honestly redeemed. We refer our readers to the advertisement of the publishers in another column.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December, contains among its illustrated articles, A Peep at Washoe—The Croton Aqueduct, Unwelcome Guests—the Cockroach and the Bed-bug. There is also the usual variety of good reading. A Williams, Boston agent. Also sold by C. A. Pierce, Augusta.

NEW BOOK BY EMERSON. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce a new work by Ralph Waldo Emerson, entitled "Conduct of Life." It will be uniform with his previous works, and will be sent by mail for $1.

NEW MUSIC. We have received from the publishing house of O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston, the following new music:

When the silvery moon is shining. Song and chorus. Words from the Waverly Magazine; music by T. B.

I tell thee Minstrel, I must weep; The Charmed Gifts; I speak not, I trace not; Remembrance Waltz; from a collection of songs, waltzes, &c., by Herman Von Benzon.

Hushed are the winds. Song. Dedicated to Miss Sarah G. Glime. By H. Von Benzon.

THE MONEY MARKET. The panic in the money market has manifestly subsided. The prompt and salutary action of the New York banks has relieved the financial pressure very sensibly. Since Wednesday of last week the New York banks have discounted seven millions of dollars. This relieves the wants of the merchants and prevents any great amount of specie going abroad. One of the best indications of an improved state of feeling is the fact that within the last three days stocks in New York have advanced from 4 to 12 per cent. There was an advance Saturday of 5 per cent.

The Boston banks have also adopted measures for the relief of the business community to the amount of about a million of dollars.

The banks of Philadelphia and generally throughout Pennsylvania have suspended. Likewise the Baltimore and most of the Virginia and Southern banks. All the New York and New England banks stand firm.

THE PRESIDENTIAL VOTE. The official count in this State, leaving four or five small towns and plantations to hear from, gives Lincoln 62,370; Douglas, 29,476; Breckenridge, 6388; Bell, 2003. Lincoln over Douglas, 32,894—over all, 24,503.

Contrary to our statement last week, Mr. Douglas appears to have carried the State of Missouri by a majority of several hundreds.

In California the vote is a close one between Lincoln and Douglas. The total vote so far as received, is 111,818, of which Lincoln has 36,586, Douglas 35,990, Breckenridge 31,216, Bell 8026.

Lincoln's majority in Oregon is reported to be 250. The Douglas vote is 6000 behind that of Breckenridge.

☞ The friends and neighbors of Gov. Banks in Waltham, Mass., without distinction of party, assembled on Wednesday evening last to give expression to their feelings of respect and attachment to the Governor and lady in view of their contemplated removal to Illinois. An elegant service of plate was presented to the Governor and a gold watch to Mrs. Banks.

WHAT WILL THE PRESIDENT DO? Great interest is manifested at this time to know what course will be taken by President Buchanan and his Cabinet in view of the threatened secession of the Southern States. The Washington letter writers, so far as we have seen, all agree in the statement that both the President and his Constitutional advisers are a unit in opposing the doctrines of secession. The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* asserts that the main feature of the forthcoming message will be an argument against secession. The correspondent of the *Times* says:

"I learn from a reliable source that President Buchanan not only condemns the doctrine of secession, but that he stands by the proclamation of Gen. Jackson, issued in December, 1832, against the nullification experiment of John C. Calhoun. The President is giving especial attention to the principles laid down in this celebrated State paper, as well as to its history. He denies a statement which was put forth some years ago, and which may have been recently repeated, that the old hero repented and recanted the teachings of the proclamation, and is able to show that he stood by them to the last. The emphatic declarations made by Mr. Buchanan on this subject leave no doubt that it will form a prominent topic in his forthcoming message, and that he will reiterate the sentiments and doctrine of the proclamation without qualification.

What may be regarded as more surprising still, Mr. Buchanan declares that his Cabinet is a unit on this question of secession."

The writer adds that the President is "warmly sustained by Attorney General Black, and by the acquiescence, at least, of his entire Cabinet."

The correspondent of the *Tribune* says:

"So far from favoring these schemes, or being pledged to secession, as alleged by Mr. Keitt and others, his whole argument will be directed to overthrow any such assumption, and to establish, by historical facts, that the contingency was not only never contemplated, but was expressly forbidden by the concurrent declarations of the framers of the Constitution, and the interpretation of the most eminent expounders. Mr. Buchanan has always held this theory, and, perhaps, will take peculiar pleasure in announcing it now under a sense of public duty, and for the purpose of striking an effective blow at the conspirators who have never exhibited the least recognition of his services to the South, or any sense of common gratitude for the sacrifices made by the administration during the Kansas controversy."

MR. LINCOLN'S FIRST SPEECH. A Republican celebration was held on Tuesday evening 20th inst. at Springfield, Illinois, the home of the President elect. There was an immense gathering of citizens and strangers. A wide awake procession paraded the streets, and called upon Mr. Lincoln at his house. In response to the cheering, he spoke as follows:

"*Friends and Fellow-Citizens:*—I thank you for your kindness and for the compliment of this call. I thank you in common with all others who have thought fit by their votes to endorse the Republican cause. I rejoice with you in the success which has so far attended that cause. Yet in all our rejoicings let us neither express nor cherish any harsh feelings toward any citizen who by his vote has differed with us. Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country, and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling. (Immense applause.) Let me again beg you to accept my thanks, and excuse me from further speaking at this time."

Senator Trumbull also addressed the people on the occasion. His speech is supposed to reflect something of the temper and disposition of the new President in view of the present sectional troubles. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Mr. Lincoln, although the candidate of the Republican party, as Chief Magistrate will neither belong to that or any other party. When inaugurated, he will be the President of the country and the whole country, and I doubt not will be as ready to defend and protect the State in which he has not received a solitary vote against any encroachment upon its constitutional rights as the one in which he has received the largest majority; while they by whose votes he has been designated as Chief Magistrate of the Republic, will expect him to maintain and carry forward the principles on which he was elected, they know that in doing so no encroachment will be made on the reserved rights of any of the States."

SOUTHERN UNION SENTIMENT. HON. Alexander Stephens of Georgia, recently made a speech in opposition to secession at Millidgeville. The Representatives' Hall, in which it was delivered, was packed to its utmost capacity, and the sentiments of attachment to the Union uttered by him were received "amidst thundering applause." He said:

"We had a great government, and he warned his countrymen against ruining it by disrupting it. He regarded Lincoln's election, of itself, as no just cause for dissolution. He had been constitutionally elected. No one could gainsay that, and though no one deprecated that event more than he did, his opinion was that having a democratic Senate, the concurrence of which was necessary in every appointment he made, and every official act be performed, we had better wait until we had a better reason to disrupt the government than the mere fact of Lincoln's election. This government was bought with blood; the sun shone on no other like it; and if we determined to resist, to the disruption of every tie that bound us to the Union, for God's sake, said he, let us act with unanimity.

Greece and Rome lost their liberty, not as Mr. Toombs has said, because they failed to fight for it, but from internal dissensions. So with every other government whose history had been written; and such he feared would be the history of this, unless we acted with unanimity. He favored the call of a convention of the people. They had the right to decide this matter. Let the Legislature follow the legitimate object for which it was sent here. As for him he intended to bow to the will of Georgia; and no man was farther from submitting to what was wrong, or would sacrifice more to preserve Georgia's interests and honor, than he."

PROVINCIAL CURRENCY. On the first inst., the law establishing decimal currency in the province of New Brunswick, came into force. American eagles, coined after July 1, 1834, are now legal tender at their American value—and halves and quarters in proportion. The Public Accounts are to be audited and settled in dollars and cents. The Fredericton *Head Quarters* complains of the awkward condition of the currency in that province. It says the silver and copper coinage have, for purposes of trade, no known or determined value, and complains of neglect on the part of the powers that be, in not furnishing in sufficient quantity, the new coinage. English coins are now taken at the following rates by the Fredericton merchants:

The British	Sixpence at	12 cents.
" "	Shilling	24 "
" "	Florin	48 "
" "	Half Crown	60 "
" "	Crown	$1 20 "
" "	Half Sovereign	$2 43½ "
" "	Sovereign	$4 87 "

STEAMBOAT COLLISIONS. The steamer M. Sanford from Bangor, on Friday morning last, came in collision with the schooner Ottoman of Stockton, cutting half through her so that she filled and capsized. The crew were taken on board the steamer.

On the same day, the steamer Eastern Queen, when off Cape Ann came in contact with a schooner, the latter losing her bowsprit, and the former having her port side stove. The schooner was towed to Boston by the Queen.

RATHER EQUIVOCAL. The Somerset *Telegraph* gives a newly established billiard room in Skowhegan, the following "first-rate notice":

"Mr. C. W. Lyford, of the Elm Hotel, has, we understand, fitted up a room and fur nished it with billiaru tables for the benefit of our young people of means and leisure. Any one with plenty of both of these commodities on their hands, will find this an excellent opportunity to fool them away."

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT.

We continue our publication of the current dispatches from day to day in which the progress of the secession movement is reported. It will be seen that the strong Union sentiment known to exist in most of the Southern States is now making itself felt for the counteraction of the rampant disunionism which at first seemed to have full possession of the public mind. We have no doubt that judicious and firm action on the part of the general Government, and the manifestation of a conciliatory spirit by the people of the North, will soon arrest this disorganizing tendency of things and restore quiet and harmony again to the country.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 19. The Legislature has assembled. A strong Southern feeling is manifested. The Governor's message, which will be sent into the Legislature to-morrow, takes strong Southern grounds. He recommends a conference of the neighboring States, and a State Convention on Southern affairs; also the enrollment of all men between eighteen and forty-five, and the raising of a corps of ten thousand volunteers, armed and equipped.

Washington, Nov. 19. A distinguished Southern Senator is now here who denies the right of secession, and thinks the President at fault for not giving the refractory States to understand at once that the whole power of the federal government will be used to sustain the Union.

New Orleans, Nov. 19. The Governor has convened the Louisiana Legislature to meet on the 10th of December.

Augusta, Nov. 19. Sterling Exchange is offered at Savannah at par without purchasers.

New York, Nov. 20. The *World's* Washington correspondent says that it is authoritatively asserted that President Buchanan will hold no communication with any secession commissioner from South Carolina.

Petersburg, N. C., Nov. 20. The Legislature organized yesterday. There was no excitement.

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 20. A secession meeting was held last night. Corps of Minute Men are being formed.

Augusta, Ga., Nov. 20. The largest meeting ever held in Greene county, Georgia, assembled on Friday. The most influential men in the county participated. Resolutions of a conservative character were adopted almost unanimously, urging a State Convention of all parties, where the evils threatening the destruction of the Union could be calmly considered, and appealing to the people of the Union to discard the councils of agitating politicians and demagogues of all sections, and to rally in defense of the imperilled government; charging that the politicians have stirred up the present excitement and distrust, by pandering to the passions and prejudices of the people, and by keeping each section ignorant of the patriotic, conservative and catholic feeling of the other; mutually exasperated by the incendiary representations of hungry office-seekers, both sections find themselves in a fierce controversy which they had no hand in bringing about.

A large meeting was held in Hancock county on Saturday, which adopted firm conservative resolutions denying that the mere election of Lincoln was a cause for disunion, but denouncing the unfriendly legislation of many of the free States.

A majority of the county meetings held thus far favor secession; many, however, are strongly conservative. Some favor retaliatory legislation, and all favor a State Convention. They all oppose coercion of the seceding States.

New York, Nov. 21. The *Times'* Charleston correspondent says that one heavy cotton and other smaller houses have suspended. The Banks still refuse to discount. Cotton is declining. Several planters have refused to forward cotton. Sterling Exchange is quoted at 95. Trade is completely prostrated.

Richmond, Va., Nov. 21. The citizens of Preston County have held a mass meeting and adopted resolutions opposing disunion.

There is a terrible pressure in the money market here. Flour is declining, and all the mills have stopped except the Gallego.

Baltimore, Nov 21. Dispatches from Columbia, Ga., indicate a slight decrease in the excitement, but the military are parading with an American flag bearing only one star.

Washington, Nov. 21. (Special dispatch to the *Tribune.*) Judge Greenwood, who has returned from a trip to Arkansas, states that three-fourths of the people of that State are opposed to disunion movements, until some unconstitutional act is committed justifying resistance.

Authentic information says that nineteen-twentieths of the large slaveholders of the cotton States, who do not, however, comprise

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

MORE TROUBLE IN KANSAS. As if to complicate still further the present uncomfortable state of affairs in this country, new disturbances have broken out in Kansas. The following despatch from Warsaw, Missouri, dated Nov. 2d, has been received:

A messenger reached here to-day, bringing a despatch from Judge Williams, stating that the abolitionists, with newly imported arms from Boston, under Montgomery, and numbering from 300 to 500 men, attacked Fort Scott, breaking up the Court and compelling the Judge and all the officers of the Court to fly for their lives; they have also taken all the towns on the Missouri line, including Fort Scott land office, and intend to invade Missouri. Military companies are being organized here and in other towns to suppress an outbreak. The citizens of Clinton have asked the Governor for a supply of arms.

Judge Williams, in a letter to the Governor of Missouri, says a quantity of fire arms arrived at Mound City a month since, directed to the Kansas sufferers. Montgomery's men have Sharpe's rifles and sabres, navy revolvers, bowie knives, plenty of money and ammunition. Montgomery has openly avowed his intention of holding Fort Scott, to prevent a fire in the rear, while he cleared out the southwest of Missouri of slaves. Mr. Moore, a grand juror, Mr. Harrison, Samuel Scott and Mr. Hinds were murdered at Fort Scott. The inhabitants on the border countiees are flying to the interior.

Washington, Nov. 21. The government has been officially informed that Montgomery, with his company, has commenced killing and hanging all opponents to an adjournment of the land sales. Letters state that Montgomery has 300 men, with plenty of arms and ammunition, and that his real object, under disguise of resisting the land sales, is a raid on Missouri, Arkansas and the western borders, to avenge the punishment of abolition emissaries. Orders have been transmitted to Gen. Harney to resort to all available means to crush the insurgents.

Leavenworth, Nov. 22. The accounts of the murder of five men, and the capture of others who probably met the same fate, are confirmed. Montgomery's band had plundered Paris, and arrested many citizens of Atchison.

Washington, Nov. 22. (Special dispatches to the New York press.) Gen. Harney's orders are to exterminate Montgomery and his band of maurauders in the most expeditious manner. He will have five hundred troops at his command.

Leavenworth, 24th. Up to Tuesday night no demonstrations had been made on Fort Scott by Montgomery. It was said that Montgomery's object was only to drive off a few obnoxious settlers, but he had no intentions of molesting the government officers. His force is increased by men driven from the New York Indian reserve by want.

Kansas, Nov. 26. A special dispatch to the *Times*, from Mr. Hutchinson, Leavenworth, denies in toto the truth of all reports about the attack upon Fort Scott, and the sacking of Paris and Montgomery's party entering, or that any recent contribution of arms or munitions have been sent to them.

SAD ACCIDENT. Henry G. Simonds, Esq, son of the late Hon. Charles Simonds, of Portland, St. John, N. B., was drowned in the Kennebecasis River near the city, on last Thursday afternoon, under the following circumstances: A yacht race had been appointed for that day between Mr Simonds and another party, and the spot chosen was the beautiful sheet of water known as Kennebecasis Bay. On the day in question, however, it blew a fearful gale from N. E., to which this bay lies fully exposed. Mr. Simonds was expostulated with by several parties but it seemed he was determined to have his boat up to the starting point if possible; in this, however, he failed and was compelled to anchor under the lee of the island. Finding the impossibility of running the race, they determined to cross the river in a skiff, which was manned by four young lads belonging to Mulherrin's pilot boat (all trained to the management of boats,) and would likely have succeeded in getting across had not Mr. Simonds, when about half way over, insisted upon setting a sail, the effect of which was to capsize the skiff and precipitate the whole into the river. Mr. Simonds, it seems, disappeared after a few ineffectual struggles, and the others succeeded in getting hold of the boat and reaching the shore near Torryburn House.

FIRE AT PORTLAND. On Monday morning fire broke out in the cooper's shop of Eben Armstrong and Joseph Hasty, Portland, which was entirely destroyed, together with an adjoining building. The buildings were owned by John Lynch & Co., whose loss is $700, without insurance. Separated from these buildings by a passage-way of twelve feet was the brick block owned by John Lynch & Co.,, and occupied by them and Blake & Jones. These stores had iron shutters and doors, with slated roofs, and were considered fireproof; but over the doors in the centre of each was a wooden beam for hoisting outside of the stores, which projected from the roof about four feet. This beam was partially covered with metal, but sufficient wood was exposed to take fire, and the flames communicated to the inside of the building. The fire was extinguished after some six or eight hundred barrels of flour, belonging to Blake & Jones, had been damaged.

WAR EQUIPMENTS FOR THE SOUTH. A New York paper states that most of the leading houses of that city, whose specialty is the manufacture of war equipments, have already received large orders. Similar orders are now being filled at Hartford, Ct. One firm has filled orders for about five thousand stand of arms of United States pattern, and they have made large sales of artillery swords and army pistols. Another firm has from twenty to fifty orders daily from South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia, in all cases accompanied by the cash. Other parties have received orders for large numbers of Colt's revolvers and rifles.

On Monday, Sharp's Rifle Company sent from Hartford 180 cases of their carbines, and 40,000 cartridges by the steamer on the way to Georgia, in compliance with orders from that State. The amount of this shipment is over $55,000.

GRAND TRUNK AFFAIRS. On the 7th instant, at Liverpool, there was a meeting of the bondholders and shareholders in the Grand Trunk Railroad, for the purpose of hearing statements from Mr. Henry C. Chapman, who had recently been in Canada. He preferred grave charges against Mr. Blackwell, the manager of the Grand Trunk,—as, for instance, accusing him of having substituted in a report "fifty millions sterling for the same number of dollars," of having represented "vast populations" in districts which were mere swamps, "inhabited by immense numbers of rattlesnakes;" that the Company had been made to pay "$24,000 for swampy land which only cost $240." After a long discussion, a Committee was appointed to inquire further into the affairs of the Company.

FAST SAILING. The clipper ship Andrew Jackson has made a remarkable run from New York to Liverpool and back. She arrived at New York on Monday, in fifteen days, with a full cargo. She also made the passage to Liverpool (grain laden) in fifteen days, and on the voyage out and home has been only thirty days at sea, (including two days calms) and sailed over 6500 miles, thus averaging nearly 220 miles a day throughout. A rate of speed probably never equalled continuously in a sailing vessel before.

SHINGLE BOTTOMS FOR SHOES. The *Shoe and Leather Reporter* says: the plan of using shingles in the bottoms of shoes originated about thirteen years ago, the first lot being cut in New Hampshire; the use of paper and straw board began about the same time. To give some idea of the extent of this branch of the business the past year, five or six acres of heavy pine timber have been used for wood filling, nearly all by the manufactures of Natick, Mass., and the adjoining towns, in the soles of brogans.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. Two sons of Mr. W. W. Spring of Brownfield, one eight and one four years of age, while playing on Monday, upon the body of a cart which had been taken from the wheels and placed upon its end, fell with the body, the youngest being seriously, and no doubt fatally injured, his head being badly crushed, while the other had one leg broken.

☞ Mr. Asa Emery of Skowhegan, who was on board the cars on the Fall River Railroad at the time of the recent accident, was more injured, we are sorry to say, than was at first supposed. Since his return home he has been confined to his house and unable to attend to business.

SHIPWRECK. The Bangor *Union* has intelligence of the loss, with all on board, of the schooner Eunice Rose of Bucksport, owned by Z. Homer, Esq., of Bucksport, and commanded by Capt. Wm. H. Smith.

FOREIGN NEWS.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. The steamer Palestine from Liverpool 8th and Londonderry 9th arrived at Portland Nov 21st.

Italy. The King of Sardinia arrived at Naples on the morning of the 7th with Garibaldi. They proceeded to the cathedral and afterwards to the palace. There were great festivites in spite of the bad weather.

The London *Daily News* says a week ago the strength of the Bourbon army was variously estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 men, the latter being regarded as an extreme statement. We cannot reasonably set down its losses by the fall of Capua and the battle of the 3d, at less than 15,000 men. Thus, in less than a week, Francis II. has lost 30,000 men.

A telegram dated Naples, Nov. 6, has been received, giving the officially announced result of the voting in Sicily upon the question of the annexation. It is as follows: ayes, 432,054; nays, 667.

The ministerial journal, *Le Pays*, the advocate of the King of Naples, looks upon the game as up, and says the remnant of the royal army cannot be depended upon.

The *Times* correspondent at Rome says the French army at Rome is very Italian in its sympathy.

It is stated that during a recent tour of military inspection Gen. Guyon was very coldly received at the principal places, the inhabitants making a point of keeping in their houses.

The Italian correspondent of the London *Herald* writes:

"The interference of the French Admiral with the operations of the Italian fleet will, if continued, seriously retard the fall of Gaeta. A very natural feeling of irritation has been produced in the country by the tortuous and contradictory policy of the French Emperor. Whether the interference in question will eventually prove more than an empty menace remains to be seen.

Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. A letter from Naples of the 3d, in the *Siecle*, contains the following:

"I lately mentioned to you that the army of Garibaldi was dwindling away, from the time that the fear was entertained that it would pass under another command than that of the Dictator. It does not now amount to more than 12,000 men. The King has with him about 15,000 and Cialdini 11,000. There are, therefore, about 36,000 good troops to oppose to the Neapolitans, whose present real strength is not exactly known. There has been a march of generosity between the King and the Dictator. Garibaldi wished to be in the foremost ranks in the combats which are to take place. Victor Emmanuel said to him. "You have been fighting quite long enough; it is now my turn. Your troops are fatigued, and they shall form the reserve; mine are quite fresh and they must be the first to act."

Many places, more or less elevated, have been already given to former exiles, and pensions have been granted to political prisoners, and in some cases to their wives or to their children. A decree has ordered that a sum of 6,000,000 ducats (25,000,000f.) shall be taken from the Rentes confiscated from the Boubons and distributed among their victims, namely, victims of sacking, men incarcerated, condemned, emigrated, banished, sent into the interior and forced to hide themselves from political causes.

China. The London *Globe* of the evening of the 7th believes that the Government has not received any official confirmation of the report brought by a private telegram, to the effect that the dispatch of the last China mails the Chinese officials, had refused to treat with the allied representatives, and that a renewal of hostilities was imminent. It should be received with reserve.

From Shanghae the latest accounts reach to the 10th of September, six days later, and there was a report that the negotiations were not going on smoothly at Tientsin.

The London *Post's* Paris correspondent transmits the following telegram: It is not true that the Anglo French expedition to China will advance to Pekin. The Envoys of the two powers, with their suites, and probably guards of honor, will go to the capital, where the conditions of the new peace will be signed. In virtue of a clause in the former treaty, an English and a French Minister will be accredited to Pekin where they will reside.

FOUR DAYS LATER. The steamer Africa from Liverpool 10th and Queenstown 11th arrived at New York on the 23d.

Advices from Manchester are favorable. The market closed firm for yarns and quiet for cloths.

The bullion in the Bank of England has decreased 230,000 pounds sterling.

Flour dull and declined 6d. Wheat dull and declined 2d a 3d on the week. Corn declined 6d a 1s. Provisions steady.

Garibaldi has resigned his dictatorship and gone to his island home.

Victor Emmanuel had accepted the Sovereignty of the Two Sicilies. The deed of annexation was drawn up by Garibaldi and ministers, who had resigned.

The departure of Francis II from Geata was imminent.

It was reported that the commander of Gaeta was negotiating with Fanti for evacuation.

The American ship Lauretta, with 600 slaves, also bark Buckeye, with a full cargo of slaves, it is reported escaped the cruisers on the Coast of Africa and are bound for Cuba.

THREE DAYS LATER. The steamer Arago from Southampton 14th inst. for New York, was intercepted off Cape Race on the 24th inst.

The Prince of Wales had not arrived when the Arago left.

Advices from China state that negotiations for a settlement were delayed by a question of money. The allies were marching on Pekin, where Sang Kee Linsin is stationed with a large force. Lord Elgin would follow the troops Sept. 9th. The army reached Yang Tsin Yeh on the 10th. 2000 troops were left to protect Tien Sien. The Rebels were inactive.

Victor Emmanuel was to leave for Sicily on the 11th inst.

No fresh intelligence respecting the negotiations for the capitulation of Gaeta had been received.

Garibaldi in his proclamation tells his companions in the army, to be ready to follow him again as a fresh conflict was likely to break out in Italy within a short time, when a million of men would be wanted.

The siege works were actively continued before Gaeta. If the garrison did not capitulate a bombardment would commence. Francis II. rejected the proposal to evacuate on the ground that he has still left 13,000 troops in Gaeta. He also relies on the strength of the fortress to maintain his position.

The Bank of England rates has been raised in consequence of the withdrawal of 300,000 pounds by the Bank of France, which was soon to be followed by 300,000 more The Bank raised its rates of discount to 5 on Tuesday evening.

The Bank of France had also raised the rates of discount 4½.

A NEW CAVE DISCOVERED. The Rockland *Gazette* states that a subterranean retreat consisting of a succession of chambers, has been discovered in Megunticook Mountain, Camden. The discovery of which, was made by a dog earthing an animal. The reverberation of the dog's bark convincing his owner that there was quite a vacuum in the interior of the mountain, he removed the earth sufficiently to admit of his introducing himself by entering on all fours, when he soon found himself in a high vaulted chamber with avenues leading into the mountain below and around.

A NEW THRASHING MACHINE. The St. John, N. B., *Courier* says:

"We have had the pleasure of seeing the working of a new Thrashing Machine, which we consider a superior article. It was built by Mr. William McKay of Fish Pools, East River, who made all the patterns from which the metals were cast, and also the remainder of the iron work. The horse-power is constructed on a new principle, and the Thrasher contains a Shaker and Fanners, and on Tuesday last it thrashed, cleaned and measured 80 bushels of wheat in four hours, requiring only five men and a team of six horses."

☞ The Anson *Advocate* says there has not been for many years so large a crop of potatoes raised in Maine, as this year. At the Starch Factory in that place, there are some 15,000 bushels. They rot somewhat in the cellars. The same paper says an unusual crop of wheat has been raised in that region this year, and the farmers are laying out for a broader spread of wheat next spring.

☞ The rain Saturday night raised Wild River, Gilead, to an unusual height. The dam erected the present season by Hobson & Co., of Saco, at an expense of nearly $2000 was entirely swept away. Immense numbers of large rocks were moved from their beds.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$6 00 to 8 00	Round Hog,	$7 00 to 8 00
Corn Meal,	1 00 to 1 10	Clear Salt Pork,	10 00 to 12 50
Rye Meal,	1 25 to 0 00	Mutton,	5 to 6
Wheat,	1 40 to 1 50	Spring Lamb's,	5 to 6
Rye,	1 00 to 1 10	Turkeys,	10 to 12
Corn,	80 to 85	Chickens,	8 to 10
Beans,	1 00 to 1 75	Geese,	6 to 8
Oats,	37 to 40	Clover Seed,	10 to 14
Potatoes,	25 to 35	Herdsgrass,	3 00 to 3 50
Dried Apples,	0 to 0	Red Top	
Cooking "	20 to 25	Hay,	16 00 to 18 00
Winter "	40 to 50	Lime,	75 to 80
Butter,	18 to 20	Fleece Wool,	36 to 40
Cheese,	10 to 12	Pulled Wool,	32 to 35
Eggs,	16 to 18	Lamb Skins,	75 to 1 00
Lard,	14 to 16	Hides,	6 to 6½

FARMERS and others must remember that the prices of many articles in the above list fluctuate somewhat nearly every day—in proportion to their abundance or scarcity in the market, and as we can only give the prices on Tuesday, due allowance must be made.

BRIGHTON MARKET....Nov. 22.

At market 1400 Beeves, 1000 Stores, 8000 Sheep, 1100 Swine

PRICES—*Beef Cattle*—Extra, $7 25; first quality, 6 75, @ 7 00; second, $5 50 @ $6 00; third, 4 50 @ $5 00.

Working Oxen.—$85, $90, @ $95.

Milch Cows.—$45 @ $47; common, $19 @ $20.

Veal Calves.—None.

Yearlings—$7 @ $9; two yrs. old 10 @ $12; three yrs. old $14 @ 17.

Hides.—6¾ @ 7c ₩ lb. *Calf Skins.*—10 @ 11c. ₩ lb.

Sheep and Lambs.—$1 25 @ 1 75; extra $2 75 $3 @ $3,50.

Pelts.—$1 @ $1,50 each.

Swine—Stores, wholesale 6¼ @ 7¾c; retail 7 @ 8¼c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, together with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow, at the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight agreed on by the parties—varying from 28 to 34 per cent.

Total number of Stock cars over the different roads 552.

N. B. Market this week will be held on Wednesday.

BOSTON MARKET....Nov. 24.

FLOUR.—Sales of common brands Western at $4 75 @ 5 00; fancy brands at $5 10 @ 5 25; extras $5 25 @ 5 50 and superior at $6 00 @ $7 75 ₩ barrel. Southern is firm at $6 00 for fancy; $6 25 @ 6 75 for extras; and $7 00 @ 8 50 for superior.

CORN—Yellow, 72 @ 73; mixed 72 @ 73c ₩ bush.

OATS—Northern and Canada, 40 @ 42c ₩ bush.

RYE—80 @ 82c per bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern has been at $23 @ $25 50 ₩ ton cash

NEW YORK MARKET....Nov. 26.

Flour steady—sales 15,000 barrels—superfine State 4.75 a 4.90 extra do. 5.05 a 5.20; round hoop Ohio 5.35 a 5.40. Southern heavy—sales 350 barrels—mixed to good 5.20 a 5.50; fancy and extra 5.60 a 7.25. Canada steady—sales 500 bbls.—extra 5.10 a 6.75.

Wheat firm—sales 140,000 bushels—Chicago spring 1.09 a 1.12; Milwaukie Club 1.10; red winter western 1.22 a 1.25; white do. 1.35.

Corn closed with an advancing tendency—sales 49,000 bush., mixed western 66 a 67; white do. 68.

Dr. L. Block,

OF AUGUSTA, MAINE,

(Formerly from the Kingdom of the Netherlands.)

PHYSICIAN OF OLD STANDING DISEASES.

Difficult cases of Chronics are respectfully solicited.

OFFICE—74 State Street, Corner of Green. 1y44

To Consumptives.

The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription, is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,

1y44 Williamsburgh, Kings County, New York.

P. P. P.

Park's Plasters.

Park's Patent Porous Prickly Plasters.

They Impart Strength; they Annihilate Pain.

PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS are the wonder of science. Through sectional or porous divisions they yield readily to the motion of the body, throw off all unhealthy, offensive excretions, and can be worn when other plasters are useless. They are worn with delight and should always be used for Aches, Pains, Rhumatism, Colds, Consumption, Female Weakness, etc. One size on cloth; three sizes on leather Sold everywhere, from 1 to 2½ dimes Sample sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

D. S. BARNES & CO,. 13 and 15 PARK ROW NEW YORK, PROPRIETORS. 3m46

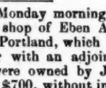
Bogle's Hair Dye and Wigs

☞ Are unapproached and unapproachable in their superior merits. Both are perfection. Try the one! see the other! and be convinced. Private rooms for Dyeing Hair and fitting Wigs at **BOGLE'S** Hair work, Perfumery and Toilet Store, 202 Washington street, Boston. 3m19

Bogle's Celebrated Hyperion Fluid

☞ Overtops everything as the greatest restorer and best dressing for the hair in the world. Ye who have been deceived by nostrums, try this and be convinced. IT NEVER FAILS. To be had at **W BOGLE'S** Hair work, Perfumery and Toilet Store, 202, Washington street, Boston, and for sale everywhere. 3m39

How to do it! If you wish a fine head of hair use LYON'S



KATHAIRON, the best and most popular preparation ever made. Its immense sale proves its excellence. It removes all Dandruff, &c, prevents the Hair from falling out, restores and preserves it, and is delightfully perfumed. Sold everywhere. 1m50

MRS. WINSLOW,

An experienced nurse and female physician, has a **Soothing Syrup** for children teething, which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflamation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases. See advertisement in another column. 1y20

TOOTH AND EAR ACHE are among the complaints for which *Hunnewell's Tolu Anodyne* is adapted. By application to cavity in Tooth, or to the Ear, with cotton wet with the Anodyne is almost instantaneous in effect, and in cases where an outward application fails to give relief, the impostance of a double application by taking it inwardly, is a feature not often found so prominent in one preparation. Like other declarations please prove this by trial, and the Anodyne will not long cease to be a *Family Necessity.* See advertisement and read pamphlets.

P. K.

☞ We clip the following from the Providence *General Advertiser*, Sept 12, 1857:

At this season of the year, when cholera, cholera morbus, dysentery and other kindred complaints are sure to prevail, everybody should be liberally supplied with Perry Davis's Vegetable Pain Killer. Persons leaving home, whether it be for a day's excursion or a trip to Europe, should be in a condition to place their hands on it at a moment's warning. Many diseases incident to the summer months, which will prove fatal if not immediately checked, can be promptly cured by one or two doses of the Pain Killer. On more than one occasion have we been relieved of intense suffering by the timely use of the above-named preparation.

Sold by druggists, grocers, and all medicine dealers throughout the United States and Canadas. 2w50

MARRIED.

Belfast, Nov. 20th, Dr. W. Osgood of North Yarmouth, to Sarah E. Gammons.

Belmont, George W. Heale of Searsmont to Mary E. Heal; Joseph Elmes to Mrs. Sarah C. Dean.

Boston, Nov. 21st, Hon. Warren Preston to Sarah C. Cluley, late of Prospect.

Cape Elizabeth, (Ferry Village,) Capt. John Jarvis Brewster of Rockland, to Emeline Merritt Mariner.

Camden, Nov. 10th, Jacob Anderson, Jr., to Nancy F. Richards

Dover, N. H., Aug. 29th, by Rev. B. F. Parsons, J. R. DeMott of New Brunswick, New Jersey, to Harriet E. Goddard of China.

Ellsworth, Augustus Sargent to Diana Ober; Capt. David E. Leland to Josephine Higgings.

Hampden, James Hopkins to Lucinda H. Porter.

Holyoke, Mass., Wm. Howe to Mrs. H. J. Patterson, of Belfast.

Orrington, Jeremiah Blanchard of Hampden, to Clara A. Freeman; Gideon Hoxie of Bucksport, to Mary E. Smith; Francis A. Kinsley to Eliza J. Nickerson.

Portsmouth, N. H., Jacob B. Shaw of China Me., to Hattie E. Dunn of Waterville.

Searsport, Nov. 11th, Woodman N. Tyler to Hannah B. Cunningham.

DIED.

Augusta, at the Insane Hospital, Nov. 23d, Daniel C., son of Rev. J. H Ingraham, aged 30 years; 18th, Sarah, wife of John Nelson of Hallowell, 42.

Belfast, Nov. 19th, Sarah, relict of Dr. Wm. Poor, 75; 18th, William West, 90 yrs. 2 mths. He was one of the earliest pioneers of Belfast.

Bucksport, Nov. 12th, Alfred E. Patterson, 25.

Camden, of paralysis, Capt. Thomas Glover, 49.

Castine, Nov. 5th, Mary A., daughter of Dr. B. H. Bridgham aged 17 yrs.

Fairfield, Oct. 23d, Sarah, wife of Wm. Bowman, aged 76.

Hallowell, Nov. 16th, of consumption, Capt. Cyrus Cooper, aged 40; 19th, of consumption, Clara Couch, 28.

Hampden, Nov. 18th, Alexander Jones, 44.

Richmond, N. B. Betsey Park, formerly of Palermo, 79.

Swanville, Nov. 9th, James H. Lewis, 26.

Topsham, Nov. 10th, Benjamin Work, 44.

Tremont, Sept. 8th, Samuel S. Webster, 19.

West Gardiner, Nov 8th, Sylvania M., daughter of Joseph and Esther Roberts 14.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER,

A Religious and Secular Family Paper,

Is the Largest Newspaper in the World.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

And devoted to Religious, Literary, and Secular Intelligence of every variety.

Its Mammoth Sheet is so arranged as to constitute

TWO COMPLETE NEWSPAPERS,

THE one Religious and the other Secular, each of which is larger than a majority of its contemporaries IT IS NOT SECTARIAN IN RELIGION, NOR PARTISAN IN POLITICS; but designed for a pleasing and instructive companion in every Evangelical, Christian Family. It is thoroughly conservative and opposed to all the disorganising *isms* of the day.

A large number of the best writers of the age, as special Contributors and Correspondents, in all the principal Countries of the World, are employed with a full Editorial Corps of long experience, to give interest and value to the paper.

THE RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT,

Besides its Editorial Articles and Correspondence, contains a Summary of the most important movements of all christian denominations.

THE SECULAR SHEET,

In addition to the Foreign and Domestic News, has departments of Agriculture, of Science, and of Commerce—the latter embracing full and accurate Reports of the Money, Produce, Cattle and other markets up to the time of going to press.

The price of the Observer is $2 50 a year in advance.

To every person sending us the names of *five new subscribers*, with one year's payment in advance ($12 50), we will give the sum of *five dollars*, which may be deducted from the sum forwarded to us. Address

SIDNEY E. MORSE, Jr., & CO.

5w50 **37 Park Row, New York.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.

THERE is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ARDLY REALIZED.

Hi 'ad 'a 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headache may be classified under two names, viz: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases.

In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *sick headache*, of hepatic disease constituting *bilious headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the *very frequently* attended with Headache; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *nervous headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia.*

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BUDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills,—but I'm thinking that's not just it naither; but perhaps ye'd be afther knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of the same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and ye've sed it, here's the quarter and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it aither.

CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave. Among the direful evils of which costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriasis, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the causes is eradicated in an early stage. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insiduous approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

A REAL BLESSING.

Physician.—Well, Mrs Jones, how is that headache?

Mrs. Jones.—Gone, Doctor, all gone! the pill you sent cured me in just twenty minutes, and I wish you would send more so that I can have them handy.

Physician.—You can get them at any Druggists. Call for Cephalic Pills, I find they never fail, and I recommend them in all cases of Headache.

Mrs. Jones.—I shall send for a box directly, and shall tell all my suffering friends, for they are a *real blessing.*

☞ OVER EXCITEMENT, and the mental care and anxiety incident to close attention to business or study, are among the numerous causes of Nervous Headache. The disordered state of mind and body incident to this distressing complaint is a fatal blow to all energy and ambition. Sufferers by this disorder can always obtain speedy relief from these distressing attacks by using one of the Cephalic Pills whenever the symptoms appear. It quiets the overtasked brain, and soothes the strained and jarring nerves, and relaxes the tension of the stomach which always accompanies and aggravates the disordered condition of the brain.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

Spalding's Cephalic Pills are a certain cure for Sick Headache, Billous Headache, Nervous Headache, Costiveness and General Debility.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

Among the most important of all the great medical discoveries of this age may be considered the system of vaccination for protection from small Pox, the Cephalic Pill for relief of Headache, and the use of Quinine for the prevention of Fevers, either of which is a sure specific, whose benefits will be experienced by suffering humanity long after their discoverers are forgotten.

☞ DID you ever have the Sick Headache? Do you remember the throbbing temples, the fevered brow, the loathing and disgust at the sight of food. How totally unfit you were for pleasure, conversation or study. One of the Cephalic Pills would have relieved you from all the suffering which you then experienced. For this and other purposes you should always have a box of them on hand to use as occasion requires.

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE SICK HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE!

CEPHALIC PILLS,

CURE ALL KINDS OF HEADACHE!

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack, immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act generally upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all Dealers in Medicine.

A box will be sent by mail prepaid on receipt of the

Price 25 cents!

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,

80 **48 Cedar Street, New York.**

Great Work on the Horse.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES:

BY ROBERT JENNINGS, V. S.,

PROFESSOR OF PATHOLOGY AND OPERATIVE SURGERY IN THE VETERINARY COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA, ETC., ETC.

WILL TELL YOU Of the Origin, History and distinctive traits of the various breeds of European, Asiatic, African and American Horses, with the physical formation and peculiarities of the animal, and how to ascertain his age by the number and condition of his teeth; illustrated with numerous explanatory engravings.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

WILL TELL YOU Of Breeding, Breaking, Stabling, Feeding, Grooming, Shoeing, and the general manage ment of the horse, with the best modes of administering medicine, also, how to treat Biting, Kicking, Rearing, Shying, Stumbling, Crib Biting, Restlessness, and other vices to which he is subject; with numerous explanatory engravings.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

WILL TELL YOU Of the causes, symptoms and Treatment of Strangles, Sore Throat, Distemper, Catarrh, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Broken Wind, Chronic Cough, Roaring and Whistling, Lampas, Sore Mouth, and Ulcers, and Decayed Teeth, with other diseases of the Mouth and Respiratory Organs.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

WILL TELL YOU Of the causes, symptoms, and Treatment of Worms, Botts, Colic, Strangulation, Stony Concretions, Ruptures, Palsy, Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Hepatirrhœa, Bloody Urine, Stones in the Kidneys and Bladder, Inflammation, and other diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Urinary Organs.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

WILL TELL YOU Of the causes, symptoms, and Treatment of Bone, Blood and Bog, Spavin, Ring-Bone, Sweenie, Strains, Broken Knees, Wind Galls, Founder, Sole Bruises and Gravel, Cracked Hoof, Scratches, Canker, Thrush and Corns; also, of Megrims, Vertigo, Epil-psy, Staggers and other diseases of the Feet, Legs, and Head.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

WILL TELL YOU Of the causes, symptoms, and Treatment of Fistula, Poll Evil, Glanders, Farcy, Scarlet Fever, Mange, Surfeit, Lock-d Jaw, Rheumatism, Cramp, Galls, Diseases of the Eye and Heart, &c., &c., and how to manage Castration, Bleeding, Trephining, Roweling, Firing, Hernia, Amputation, Tapping, and other surgical operations.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES

WILL TELL YOU Of Karey's Method of taming Horses; how to Approach, Halter, or Stable a Colt; how to accustom a horse to strange sounds and sights, and how to Bit, Saddle, Ride and Break him to Harness; also, the form and law of WARRANTY. The whole being the result of more than fifteen years' careful study of the habits, peculiarities, wants and weaknesses of this noble and useful animal

The book contains 384 pages, appropriately illustrated by nearly One Hundred Engravings. It is printed in a clear and open type, and will be forwarded to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price, half bound, $1 00, or, in cloth, extra, $1 25.

$1000 a year can be made by enterprising men everywhere, in selling the above, and other popular works of ours. Our inducements to all such are exceedingly liberal.

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JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher,

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100,000 for 1861!

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For 1861! Vols. XVII. and XVIII.

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T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health and Domestic Happiness.

SO well known is the HOME MAGAZINE in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, that we are scarcely required in the announcement for 1861 to speak of its peculiar characteristics. All that its name implies, the editors have striven and will still strive to make it.

Our purpose has ever been to give a magazine that should

The Muse.

NONE BUT THEE.

"Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."—Psalm 73:25.

Lord of earth, thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the eye unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,
Friendship—gem transcending price;
Love—a flower from Paradise;
Yet, amidst a scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall meet again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings;
O! that world is passing fair;
Yet if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in Heaven but thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest;
I was lost! thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wandering child;
I was blind! thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away.
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O, if once thy smile divine,
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me,
Whom have I in each but thee?
—*Sir Robert Grant*

The Story Teller.

A FORTUNATE RUIN.

George Ballerton sat in his room in his hotel. He was a young man, six and twenty, tall and thin, with a face of excruciating intellectual beauty, dressed in costly garments, though his toilette was but indifferently performed. He was an orphan, and for some time had lived in a hotel. It required but a single glance into his pale features to tell that he was an invalid. He sat with his head resting upon his hands, and his whole frame would ever and anon tremble, as though with some powerful emotion. As the youth sat thus his door was opened, and an elderly gentleman entered.

"Ah, Doctor, you are moving early this morning," said Ballerton, as he lazily rose from his seat and extended his hand.

"Oh, not early for me, George," returned Allyne, with a bright smile. "I am an early bird."

"Well, you have caught a worm this time."

"I hope it will prove a valuable one."

"I don't know," sighed the youth. "I fear a thousand worms will inhabit this poor body ere long."

"Nonsense, you're worth half a century yet," cried the Doctor, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder. "But just tell me, George, how is it with Rowland?"

"Just as I told you. All is gone."

"I don't understand it, George."

"Neither do I," said the young man, sorrowfully. "That Charles Rowland could have done that thing, I would not, could not, have believed. Why, had an angel appeared to me, two weeks ago, and told me that Rowland was shaky, I would not have paid a moment's attention to it. But only think, when my father died, he selected for my guardian his best friend, and such I even now believe Charles Rowland was, and in his hands he placed his wealth, for him to keep until I was of age. And when I did arrive at that period of life, I left my money where it was—I had no use for it. Several times, within three or four years, has Rowland asked me to take my money and invest it, but I would not. I bade him keep it, and use it if he wished. I only asked that when I wanted money he would honor my demand. I felt more safe, in fact, than I should have felt had my money been in bank on deposit."

"How much had he when he left?"

"How much of mine?"

"Yes."

"He should have had a hundred thousand pounds."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Ah, you have me on the hip, there."

"And yet you must do something, George. Heaven knows I would keep you, if I could. I shall claim the privilege of paying your debts, however."

"No, no, doctor, none of that."

"But I tell you I shall. I shall pay your debts, but beyond that I can only help you to assist yourself. What do you say of going to sea? A faint smile swept over the youth's pale features at this remark.

"I should make a smart hand at sea, Doctor, I can hardly keep my legs on shore. No, no I must—"

"Must what?"

"Alas! I know not; I shall die—that is all!"

"Nonsense, George. I say, go to sea. You couldn't go into a shop, and you would not if you could. You do not wish to remain here, amid the scenes of your happier days. Think of it; at sea you will be free from all sneers of the heartless, and free from all contact with things you loathe. Think of it."

George Ballerton started to his feet, and paced the floor for some minutes. When he stopped, a new life seemed already at work within him.

"If I went to sea, what could I do?"

"You understand all the laws of foreign trade?"

"Yes! You know I had a thorough schooling at that in my father's counting-house."

"Then you can obtain the berth of supercargo."

"Are you sure I can get one?"

"Yes."

"Doctor John Claudius Allyne, I will go!"

* * * * * * *

George Ballerton walked one evening to the dwelling of a wealthy merchant, Andrew Wilton. It was a palatial dwelling, and many a hopeful, happy hour, had he spent beneath its roof. He rang the bell, and was admitted to the parlor. In a few minutes Mary Wilton entered. She was only twenty. She had been waiting until that age to be George Ballerton's wife."

Some words were spoken—many moments of painful silence ensued.

"Mary, you know all. I am going from my native land, a beggar. I cannot stay long now. Mary, did I know you less than I do—or, knowing you well, did I know you as I do many—I should give back your vows, and free you from all bondage. But I believe I should trample upon your heart did I do that thing now. I know your love is too pure and deep to be torn from your bosom at will. So I say—wait—wait. There are other feelings in the heart besides love. That love is a poor, profitless passion, which puts aside all other considerations. We must love for eternity, and so our love must be free. Wait. I am going to work—ay, upon the sea to work—ay, upon the sea to work."

"But why upon the sea? Why away where my poor heart must ever beat in anxious fear and doubt as it follows thee?"

"Because I cannot remain here. Hundreds of poor fools have imagined that I shunned them because I was proud. They know not that it was the tainted atmosphere of their moral life that I shunned. They gloat over my misfortune. Men may call me foolish; but it would kill me to stay here."

"Alas! must it be?"

"It must. You will wait.

"I will wait even to the gates of the tomb."

"Then Heaven bless and preserve you."

* * * * * * *

The ruined youth was upon the ocean—his voyage commenced—his duties as laborer for his own daily bread all fairly assumed. Ah! it was a strange life for him to enter upon. From the ownership of immense wealth to the trade books of a merchant ship was a transition indeed! But ere he went on deck again, he had resolved that he would do his duty, come what would, short of death. He would forget that he ever did else but work for his livelihood. With these resolves clearly defined in his mind he already felt better.

At first our supercargo was too weak to do much. He was very sick, and it lasted nearly two weeks; but when that passed off, and he could pace the vibrating deck with a stout stomach, his appetite grew sharp, and his muscles began to grow strong. At first his appetite craved some of the many delicacies he had been long used to; but they were not to be had, and he very soon learned to do without them. The result was, that his appetite became natural in its wants, and his system began to find itself nourished by simple food taken in proper quantities.

For years he had looked upon breakfast as a meal which must be set out and partaken of from mere fashion. A cup of coffee, and perhaps a piece of dry toast, or a seasoned and highly-spiced titbit had constituted the morning meal. But now, when the breakfast hour came, he approached it with a keen appetite, and felt as hearty as at any other time of the day.

By degrees the hollow cheeks became full, the dark eyes assumed new lustre, the color, rich and healthful, came to the face, the breast swelled with increasing power, the lungs expanded and grew strong, the muscles became more firm and true, the nerves grew strong, and the garments which he had worn when he came on board had to be let out some inches in order to make them encompass his person. His disposition became cheerful and bright, and by the time the ship had reached the southern cape of Africa, the crew had all learned to love him.

Through storm and sunshine, through tempest and calm, through dark hours and bright, the young supercargo made his voyage. In one year from the day on which he left his native land, he placed his foot again upon the soil of his home. But he did not stop. The same ship, with the same officers, was going upon the same cruise again, and he meant to go in her. He saw Mary Wilton, and she would wait. He saw Dr. Allyne, and the kind old gentleman praised him for his manly independence.

Again George Ballerton was upon the sea, and again he assumed the duties of his office, and even more. He stood watch when there was no need of it; and during seasons of storm he claimed a post on deck.

At the end of another year the young man returned to his home again. He was now eight-and-twenty, and few who knew him years before could recognize him now. His face was bronzed by exposure, his cheeks full and plump, his frame stout and strong and erect, like a forest chief. His muscular system was nobly developed, and among the men were few who could stand before him in a trial of physical strength. When he first left the city, two years before, he had weighed just one hundred and thirty pounds, avoirdupois. He now brought up the beam fairly at one hundred and seventy. Surely he was a new man in every respect.

On the afternoon of the third day, as he entered his hotel, one of the waiters handed him a letter. He opened it, and found it to be from Mary Wilton. It was a request that he would be at the merchant's house at nine o'clock that evening.

"George," said the doctor, after the youth had given a full account of his adventure, "I should think you would almost forgive poor Rowland for having made off with your fortune?"

"Forgive him!" returned George, "oh! I did that in the first place."

"Well, George," resumed the doctor, "Mr. Rowland is here. Will you see him?"

"See him! See Charles Rowland! Of course I will."

The door was opened and Mr. Rowland entered. He was an elderly man, but hale and hearty.

The old man and the young one shook hands and then inquired after each other's health.

"You received a note from me two years ago," said Mr. Rowland, "in which I stated that one whom I had trusted had got your money and mine with it."

"Yes sir," whispered the youth.

"Well," resumed Mr. Rowland, "Dr. Allyne was the man. He had your money."

"How? What?" gasped George, gazing from one to the other in blank astonishment.

"Hold on, my boy," said the doctor, while a thousand emotions seemed at work within his bosom. "I was the villian. It was I who got your money. I worked your ruin, my boy. And now listen, and I will tell you why:

"I saw that you were dying. Your father died of the same disease. A consumption was upon him—not a regular pulmonary affection, but a wasting away of the system for the want of vitality. The mind was wearing out the body. The soul was slowly but surely eating its way from the cords that bound it to the earth. I knew that you could be cured; and I knew, too, that the only thing in the world which would cure was to throw you upon your own physical resources for a livelihood. There was a morbid willingness of the spirit to pass away. You would have died ere you would have made an exertion, from the very fact that you looked upon exertion as worse than death. It was a strange state of both mind and body. Your fortune rendered work unnecessary, so there was no hope while that fortune remained. Had it been only a bodily malady I could have argued you into a necessary work for a cure. And on the other hand, had it been wholly a mental disease, I might have driven your body to help your mind. But both were weak, and I knew that you must work or die.

"And now my boy, I'll tell you where my hope lay. I knew that you possessed such a true pride of independence that you would work. I saw Rowland, and told him my plans. I assured him that if we could contrive to get you to sea, and make you start out into active life, for the sake of life, you would be saved. He joined me at once. I took your money and his, and then bade him clear out. You know the rest. And now tell me, my boy, if I give you back your fortune, will you forgive me? Your money is safe—every penny of it—to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. Poor Rowland has suffered much in knowing how you looked upon him; but I know that he is amply repaid by the sight of your noble, powerful frame, as he sees it to-night. And now, George, are we forgiven?"

It was a full hour before all the questions of the happy friends could be asked and answered; and when the doctor and Rwloand had been forgiven and blessed for the twentieth time, Mr. Wilton said, "Wait!"

He left the room, and when he returned he led sweet Mary by the hand.

Late in the evening, after the hearts of our young friends had fairly begun to grow tired with joy, George asked Mary how much longer she was willing to wait.

Mary asked her father, and the answer was—.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Many years ago there lived an Emperor who cared so very much about having new clothes, that he spent all his money merely for the sake of being very smartly dressed. He did not care much about his troops; he did not care either about going to the play or driving out, unless it were that he might show his new clothes. He had a new suit for every hour in the day; and as one usually says of a King or Emperor, he held a privy council, so of him it was said, his Majesty sat in council with his tailors.

In the large town where he resided people led a merry life. Day after day fresh visitors arrived at court; one day, too, a couple of swindlers, who called themselves first rate weavers, made their appearance. They pretended that they were able to weave the richest stuffs, in which not only the colors and patterns were extremely beautiful, but that the clothes made of such stuffs possessed the wonderful property of remaining invisible to him who was unfit for the office he held, or who was extremely silly.

"What capital clothes they must be!" thought the Emperor; "if I had but such a suit I could tell directly what people in my empire were not equal to their office; and, besides, I should be able to distinguish the clever from the stupid. By Jove, I must have some of this stuff made directly for me!" And so he ordered large sums of money to be given to the two swindlers, that they might set to work immediately.

The men erected two looms, and did as if they worked very diligently; but in reality they had got nothing on the loom. They boldly demanded the finest silk and gold thread, put it all in their own pockets, and worked away at the empty loom till quite late at night.

"I should like to know how the two weavers are getting on with my stuff," said the Emperor one day, to himself; but was rather embarrassed when he remembered that a silly fellow, or one unfitted for his office, would not be able to see the stuff. 'Tis true, he thought, as far as regarded himself, there was no risk whatever; but yet he preferred sending some one else to bring him intelligence of the two weavers, and how they were getting on, before he went himself. Everybody in the whole town had heard of the wonderful property that this stuff was said to possess, and all were curious to know how clever or foolish their neighbors might be found to be.

"I will send my worthy old minister," said the Emperor at last, after much consideration; "he will be able to say how the stuff looks better than anybody; for he is a man of understanding, and no one can be found more fitted for this than he.

So the worthy old minister went to the room where the two swindlers were working away with all their might and main. "Lord help me!" thought the old man, opening his eyes as wide as possible; "why, I can't see the least thing whatever on the loom!" But he took care not to give voice to his thoughts.

The swindlers begged him most politely to have the goodness to approach nearer to the looms, and then, pointing to the empty frame, asked him if the colors were not of great beauty. And the poor old minister looked, and looked, and could see nothing whatever; for, indeed, there was nothing at all there. "Bless me!" thought he to himself, "am I, then, really a simpleton! Well, I never thought so, and nobody dare know it. I not fit for my office? No, nothing on earth shall make me say that I have not seen the stuff!"

"Well, sir," said one of the swindlers, still working busily, "you don't say if the stuff pleases you or not."

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful! the work is admirable!" said the old minister, looking at the beam through his spectacles. "This pattern, and these colors!—well, well; I shall not fail to tell the Emperor that both are most beautiful."

"Well, we shall be delighted if you do so," said the swindlers; and named the different colors and patterns which were in the stuff. The old minister listened attentively to what they said in order that he might be able to repeat all to the Emperor.

The swindlers then asked for more money, and silk and gold thread, which they said they wanted to finish the piece they had begun. But they put, as before, all that was given them into their own pocket, and still continued to work wit apparent diligence at the empty loom.

Some time after the Emperor sent another officer to see how the work was getting on, and if the piece of brocade would soon be finished. But he fared like the other; he stared at the loom from every side; but as there was nothing there, of course he could only see the empty frame.

"Does the stuff not please you as much as it did the minister?" asked the men, making the same gestures as before, and talking of splendid colors and of patterns which did not exist.

"Stupid I certainly am not," thought the new commissioner; "then it must be that I am not fitted for my lucrative office—that were a good joke! however, no one dare even suspect such a thing." And so he began praising the stuff that he could not see, and told the two swindlers how pleased he was to behold such beautiful colors and such charming patterns. "Indeed, your Majesty," said he to the Emperor on his return, "the stuff which the weavers are making is extraordinary fine."

The magnificent brocade that the Emperor was having woven at his own expense was the talk of the whole town.

The Emperor wished to see the costly stuff while it was on the loom; so, accompanied by a chosen train of courtiers, among whom were the trusty men who had so admired the work, off he went to the two cunning cheats. As soon as they heard of the Emperor's approach, they began working with all diligence, although as yet there was not a single thread on the loom.

"Is it not magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown. "Will your Majesty only look! What a charming pattern! what beautiful colors!" said they pointing to the empty frames, for they thought the others really could see the stuff.

"What's the meaning of this!" said the Emperor to himself, "I see nothing! This is a terrible matter! Am I a simpleton; or am I not fit to be Emperor? Why, that were the worst that could happen to me." "Oh, charming; the stuff is really charming," said he to them; "I approve it thighly!" And he smiled graciously, and examined the empty loom minutely; for he would not for all the world say that he could not see what his two officers had so much praised. The whole suite strained their eyes to discover something on the looms, but they could see as little as the others. At the same time, in order to please their master, the Emperor, they all cried, "Oh, how beautiful!" and counselled his Majesty to have new robes made out of this magnificent stuff for the grand procession which was about to take place. "Excellent! charming!" was echoed from mouth to mouth, and all were extremely pleased. The Emperor was as satisfied as his courtiers, and conferred on each of the cheats an Order, which they were to wear in their buttonhole, and gave them the title of Knights of the Most Honorable Order of the Loom.

The night preceding the day on which the procession was to take place, the two men stayed up all night, and had sixteen candles burning; so that everybody might see how they worked to get Emperor's new dress ready in proper time. They pretended to unroll the stuff from the loom; they cut in the air with their scissors, and sewed with needles that had no thread. "Now, then," said they, "the Emperor's new suit is ready at last."

The Emperor then made his appearance in the chamber of his two Knights of the Most Honorable Order of the Loom, accompanied by his chamberlains of the highest rank; and the two cheats held up their arms as though they had something in their hands, and said, "Here are your Majesty's knee-breeches; here is the coat, and here the mantle. The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; and when one is dressed one would almost fancy one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of this stuff!"

"Of course!" said all the courtiers, although not a single one of them could see anything of the clothes.

"Will your Imperial Majesty most graciously be pleased to undress? we will then try on the new things before the glass."

The Emperor allowed himself to be undressed, and then the two cheats did exactly as if each one helped him on with an article of dress, while his Majesty turned himself round on all sides before the mirror.

"How well the dress become your Majesty! and how well all fits! What a pattern! What colors! This is indeed a dress worthy a king!"

"The canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession is in readiness without, announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

"I am quite ready," replied the Emperor. "Do my new things sit well?" asked he, turning round once more before the looking-glass, in order that it might appear that he examined the dress very minutely.

"The pages who were to carry the Emperor's train felt about on the ground as if to lift up the end of the mantle, and did exactly as if they were carrying something, for they also did not wish to betray simplicity or unfitness for the post.

And so the Emperor walked on, under the high canopy, through the streets of the metropolis, and all the people in the streets, and at the windows cried out, "Oh, how beautiful the Emperor's new dress is! what a splendid train! and the mantle, how well it sets!"

"In short, there was nobody but wished to cheat himself into the belief that he saw the highly valued clothes, for otherwise he would have had to acknowledge himself either a simpleton or an awkward fellow. As yet none of the Emperor's new dresses had met with such approval as the suit made by the two weavers.

"But the Emperor has nothing on!" said a little child. "Ah, hear the voice of innocence!" said the father, and one person whispered to the other what the child had said.

"But he really has nothing on!" exclaimed at last all the people. This vexed the Emperor, for he felt that they were right, but he thought—"However, I must bear the thing to the end!" And the pages placed themselves further from him as if they were carrying a train which did not even exist.

WEBSTER ON SECESSION.

The following is an extract from a speech by Daniel Webster, when the Compromise Measures of 1850 were under discussion. It is grandly and eloquently applicable to the present emergency:

"I hear with distress and anguish the word 'secession,' especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country and known all over the world for their political services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface!

Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in harmony round a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the wreck of the universe. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession.

Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live—covering this whole country—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved and run off? No, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven what that disruption itself must produce; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe in its two-fold character.

Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great Republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on the one side and on the other. Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be? An American no longer! Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, or who fill the other House of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the Republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? Or is he to cower or shrink and fall to the ground!

Why, sir, our ancestors, our fathers and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living amongst us with prolonged lives, would rebuke and reproach us, and our children and our grandchildren would cry out shame upon us, if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government and the harmony of that Union which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude."

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

1. To prevent horses and cattle from jumping. Keep good fences around fields of good pasture.

2. How to sleep soundly at night. Do a hard day's work at some honest manual labor, go to bed early, and always with a consciousness of having done right through the day. [*Warranted.*]

3. To cure dyspepsia. Take a new axe, put a white hickory handle in it, fill the hole with gum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the axe and cut cord wood at fifty cents a cord, boarding yourself, until the heat of the handle dissolves and absorbs the camphor.

N. B.—It will do just as well at these times to take a maul and split rails, at the same price per hundred.

4. To prevent dogs from killing sheep. If the dogs are good for anything, give them plenty of bread and meat at home—if good for nothing, give them less meat with one grain of strychnine in it.

5. To prevent wives from scolding. Provide them with plenty of good wood and water—plenty in the pantry and kitchen, and always wear a cheerful countenance, and speak pleasantly yourself. P. S.—Wife says I must add to this, marry a *sensible woman*. UNCLE BEN.

STRANGE ROMANCE.

We have been placed in possession of the outlines of a strange story, which has almost too much Munchausen about it to seem true, yet, we are informed, it is substantially correct. In the summer of 1853, John Hardwick, a poor mechanic of Pittsburg was induced, by the gold excitement then raging, to try his luck in the mines of California. He accordingly left his wife and two children behind, and took passage around the Horn for El Dorado. On arriving his money had given out, and he was obliged to go to work at a mere pittance, to keep from starving. He made his way, however, as fast as he could, and, having entered into partnership with another man, commenced the working of a claim. Hardwick prospered, and began to think that, at the end of the year, he would be able to go home with a large pile of dust. Human calculations are sometimes wrong. Mr. Hardwick's calculations were wrong—for he was taken sick and came near death's door.

When he got well his partner had departed, and taken with him the earnings of both. the poor man was almost discouraged. He had been away from home eighteen months, and sent nothing back to his family. He wrote to his wife, giving her a true statement of his condition. She never received the letter, and consequently he never received any letters from her. Hardwick went to work again, but the times grew hard and he earned but little. He frequently wrote to his wife, but she, strange to say, never received a single line from him. It is needless to go through every particular of his history—suffice it to say, that, hearing nothing from his wife he concluded that she was glad to get rid of him, and would not trouble herself to write to him. He therefore determined to stay in California till he was rich, and then return to the Atlantic States. He set himself to work assiduously, and made money.—His business relations were such after a few years that he could not leave California, but stayed and accumulated a handsome fortune.

In the meantime, Mrs. Hardwick, thinking her husband was dead, after three years, married another and emigrated to St. Louis. Her name became Mathews. Her two children, of whom John Hardwick was father, died, and all traces of John were obliterated except from a very remote corner of her heart. Mrs. Mathews was a good wife to her second husband, so far as we can learn, and bore him two children. Mathews was in the grocery trade, and throve well, but about a year ago he was taken sick with a fever and died, leaving Mrs. Mathews and the children without a protector, as she thought, but with a snug income.

John Hardwick, tired of California life, and tired of business too, collected together his effects, which amounted to a nice fortune, and started for home by the overland route. He arrived in this city two weeks ago, and remained a few days to rest before taking the cars for Pittsburg.

One morning, while walking through Broadway market, Mr. Hardwick saw a familiar face. It was the first familiar face he had seen since he left San Francisco—and that face belonged to a woman. He quickened his pace, and came up to a stall where the lady was about to purchase a beefsteak. Mr. Hardwick's heart beat wildly beneath his waistcoat. Could it be possible? No. "What should Jane be doing in St. Louis?" thought he. He was about to turn away, when the lady raised her head, and their eyes met. "John Hardwick, as sure as I am living!" exclaimed she. "Jane, is it you?" said John. It proved to be both of them, and after mutual explanations, Mr. Hardwick accompanied the lady home, carrying her market basket for her. Two children met them at the door. They were blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked—just like those John had left behind, and just as large—but they did not have features like John's. "What matters it," thought our hero—"my two children are dead, and these are sent to take their places—I will be a father to them." Mr. John Hardwick was as good as his word. He helped Mrs. Mathews—formerly Mrs. Hardwick, and destined to be again—to dispose of her property; then calling a clergyman, they had the matrimonial link tied again strong and fast. In two days they started for the East, where, we hope, in Pittsburg or some other delightful town, they are enjoying, at the meridian of life, another honey moon as pleas as the first.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

From a series of remarks made upon this subject, from different departments in France, during several years, and epitomised by Dr. Tardien, in the "Annales d'Hygiene Publique," we glean some interesting information upon the following points:

1. *The species of animal in which the hydrophobia was communicated.* Out of a total of 228 cases in which reference was made in this point, 138 were stated to have been made by the bite of a dog, 13 by that of a cat, 26 of a wolf, and 1 by the bite of a fox. In two cases in which the bite of a cat produced the disease, one animal is reported to have become rabid in consequence of an extensive burn, another owing to its having been robbed of its young. These cases are of considerable interest, as they tend to resolve the still doubtful question of the spontaneous development of hydrophobia in other species of animals than the canine.

II. *The season of the year in which this disorder is most frequently developed.* This circumstance was noted in 181 cases, 110 of which occurred during the hot seasons of the year, 71 only during the cold. There is, doubtless, a marked difference in favor of the months in which the temperature is most elevated, but it does not remain a less constant fact that no season is really opposed to the development of hydrophobia, nor can render its effects less formidable.

III. *The average number of persons who escaped the malady after being bitten.* On this point we have the record of 198 cases of persons who were bitten, in many instances by the same animal; of these, 112 were subsequently seized with hydrophobia, whilst the remaining 86 experienced no ill effects. We need scarcely remark that numerous adventitious circumstances, such as the interposition of an article of clothing to which the saliva of the rabid animal might adhere, the state of patient's mind or health after the injury, &c., would considerably influence the results in this particular.

IV. *The length of the stage of incubation.* In a large majority of cases this was not more than a few weeks. Out of 147 cases referred to, the period of incubation was under a month in 26, more than a month but under three months in 93 cases, whilst in the remainder the length of time occupied was from six to twelve months. The incubatory period appeared shorter in very young persons than at any other period.

V. *The length of time between the development of the disease and its fatal termination.* On this point the statistics collected corroborate too fully the preconceived ideas, as to the rapid progress of the disorder. Out of 161 cases, death put an end, within a week, to the horrible sufferings of the patients in 158, more than one half of that number dying within four days, even from the time at which the malady first manifested itself.

VI. *The relative efficacy of the means employed to prevent the development of hydrophobia.* Upon this all important portion of the subject Dr. Tardien observes that the fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that the only hope of security from the fatal effects of this dreadful disease consist in immediate cauterization with the red hot iron, and that every other method only compromises the future safety of the patient by the irreparable loss of the only moments during which the preventive treatment is applicable.

VII. *Curative treatment of hydrophobia when it has become developed.* Dr. Tardien makes the disheartening statement, that of all the remedies which have as yet been suggested, chloroform included, for the treatment of hydrophobia when fully developed, he has found none to have been attended with sufficiently promising results to enable him definitely to say that it will effect a cure.—*London Medical Review.*

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EVERY Farmer should have one of these great *labor saving* and SEED SAVING machines, for with the

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he can sow four acres an hour of Grass Seed and Oats; six acres an hour of Wheat, Rye and Barley, and distribute the seed with perfect regularity and evenness; saving thereby ONE-QUARTER of the seed and THREE-QUARTERS of the time and labor over common hand sowing.

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A farmer in Illinois sowed 900 acres of wheat with the machine the past spring, (1860,) and parties offered to thrash for him for the surplus over thirty bushels to the acre which the land yielded, and the offer was refused.

A farmer who had used the Hand Machine, says, that in sowing 100 bushels of grain he *saved over 25 bushels*, and never had his land so well sowed before, and the time, seed and labor saved, paid, in one year, six times over the cost of the machine. All farmers who sow even but a few acres, the machine will soon pay for itself, and will always save the necessity of hiring an experienced sower, as *any person*, with a little practice, can sow with the machine and do the work perfectly.

A farmer in Maine, who had used the Hand Machine for two seasons, was asked what he would take for it if he could not get another;—he said he would not take twenty-five dollars.

The machine is made of iron, and will last a lifetime, with ordinary care. The following Agricultural Societies have awarded it the highest premiums, viz:—The United States, Maine, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, Iowa, California, and numerous other State and County Societies.

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D. H. FURBISH, Proprietor,
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To the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE Petition of JAMES ROWE, Administrator on the estate of EDWARD ROWE, late of Vassalboro', in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully represents that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of four hundred dollars:—that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in said Vassalboro' and described as follows, viz:—The homestead farm of the deceased, with the buildings thereon:—That a partial sale of said real estate would injure the remainder thereof; that an advantageous offer has been made to him for said real estate, of five hundred dollars, including the reversion of the widow's dower therein, and that the interest of all concerned will be promoted by an immediate acceptance thereof. Said Administrator therefore prays that he may be authorized to accept of said offer, and sell said real estate to the person making the same.

JAMES ROWE.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of November, 1860.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, Judge.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of the Petition and Order thereon.

Attest. J. BURTON, *Register.* 49*

To the Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec.

THE under-signed represents, that ABIGAIL CHAPMAN, of China, in said County, died recently, intestate, leaving personal estate to the amount of twenty dollars, to be administered: That said deceased had for some time been a pauper of said town of China, whereby said town became a creditor of said deceased; that she left no father, mother or children, and no kindred residing in this County, to the knowledge of your petitioner: wherefore your petitioner, one of the Selectmen of said China, prays that letters of administration on said estate may be granted to himself. ELI H. WEBBER.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of November, 1860.

On the Petition aforesaid, ORDERED, that notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and shew cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of the Petition and Order thereon.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 49*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of November,* 1860.

CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of NICHOLAS HINKLEY, late of Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order in the Maine Farmer printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 49*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix on the estate of

ROBERT HUSSEY, late of Rome,

in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to RHODA HUSSEY.

October 22, 1860. 49*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of CATHERINE BABBIDGE, late of Vassalboro', in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

October 22, 1860. 49* ANDREW F. SMILEY.

KENNEBEC SS.—*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of November, A. D.* 1860.

ANTHONY S. COOMBS, Administrator on the estate of ISAAC S. HALL, late of Windsor, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of December next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 49*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of November,* 1860.

NANCY HASKELL, widow of JOSEPH HASKELL, late of Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for Commissioners to set out her dower in the real estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of December next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

A true copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 49*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of November,* 1860.

ALMIRAH P. HASKELL, widow of JAMES B. HASKELL, late of China, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for Commissioners to set out her dower in the real estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of December next, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

True copy. Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 49*

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